

NEW STATESMAN

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A Drawn-Out Battle?

MAY 3 1976

Although the NEW STATESMAN went to press this week before the results of the first ballot in Labour's leadership election were known, every indication suggested that it could not possibly offer a clear-cut victory for any candidate. In that sense we (and Mr Wilson?) were wrong in believing last week that Labour's decision on its future leader – and the nation's next Prime Minister – need not be a protracted process. It now seems plain that there is little chance of preventing the election going to two further ballots.

It is, of course, right – if they find it necessary – that Labour MPs should take their time in making so important a decision; but what is not right – and can only be harmful to the Labour movement as a whole – is the prospect of Labour MPs from now on playing some sort of television *Power Game* with their votes. The notion of 'tactical' voting may sound very clever on paper: in practice it is only likely to cast discredit on both the Government and the party.

With that said, however, the difficulties remain to be faced. We still believe that Mr Callaghan – and every opinion poll has borne this out – is the natural, non-controversial choice for the party to make at this stage of its history. But to say that is not necessarily to give him any blanket endorsement. We have very considerable reservations about his attitude to civil liberties (particularly in the race field), the genuineness of his radicalism, even the extent of his commitment to the notion that the Labour Party exists to change society. On all those counts Mr Foot is clearly the preferable contender – as some at least of Mr Jenkins's supporters have apparently begun to realise. The case for Mr Callaghan is, in fact, simply that he has the ability to unite the party in a way that no one else can – in addition to his now demonstrated outstanding acceptability to the country. If, however, even the first strut of those twin arguments goes, his entire appeal will begin to fall to the ground. His is an all-or-nothing endeavour and only if the two planks of his platform hold together can he expect, or even deserve, to become Prime Minister.

Suppose that successive ballots demonstrate that that is

not in fact the case. What, then, should the conscientious Labour MP do? He will probably already be aware that it is the older (and more moribund) section of the PLP that predominantly favours Mr Callaghan's candidature. His choice as leader, even if it eventually comes, will certainly not represent a vote of confidence in the party's future: rather will it symbolise a bid to seek reassurance in Labour's past. A number of Labour MPs will, no doubt, feel the same about Mr Foot – and on grounds at least of age that is certainly true. But, far from representing a continuity with tradition, Mr Foot's election to the leadership would mark an abrupt departure from the Labour Party's normal internal instinct for conservatism and caution: in this context it may be worth noting that the Labour Party has the right to feel less timid when actually in office than when in Opposition bidding and hoping for power. If he were to become Prime Minister, Mr Foot should be able to count on having two years in which not only to prove himself but also to confound his critics. No one can pretend that his election would be anything but a gamble; but it is the kind of gamble that a radical party, if it is to display any readiness for boldness, ought to be prepared to take.

Moreover, if the secret garden of British politics shared anything in common with the public park of the American elective process, there is no doubt what everyone would now see as 'the dream ticket' for the Labour Party. If Mr Callaghan's still powerful claims to be the party's Eisenhower figure are in the end found wanting, then the next best solution (and possibly the best answer of all) must be for the Labour Party to endorse the combined appeal of Mr Foot as Prime Minister and leader and Mr Jenkins as deputy leader and heir apparent. Once Labour MPs have had the chance to digest this week's figures, the alternative courses before them should be obvious enough. The PLP should waste no time in choosing between adventure on the one hand and nostalgia on the other. The attractions of the latter are certainly still strong; but the arguments for the former no longer deserve to be minimised.

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

The Balkan Nightmare

Aha! That is to say, Ahem! And a very good morning to you. As you know, you have caught me this week with my trousers more or less round my ankles. For a start – what day is it? If you are reading this in London, it's probably Thursday morning (in which case, read on as fast as you can). If you are reading it in Llanrwst (and if you are, lucky you), you will already know the results of the first ballot. If on the other hand you are stuck in some remote outpost on the Limpopo, you may as well sit back and savour every word. Whatever I say, I cannot bridge the time lag. It's like watching a game of cricket in the distance. First you see the batsman play his stroke. A few seconds later comes the report – in this case, my report.

So let us begin in Bulgaria. As you may be aware, Mr Roy Hattersley, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, left London on his official visit half an hour before the Prime Minister announced his resignation. Arriving in Sofia, he was met by the Foreign Minister, who appeared somewhat agitated. 'Mr Hatterjee,' the poor man said, 'we are most honoured that you should visit us at such a time. We do hope, however, that your plans will not be affected by the resignation of the Prime Minister!' 'On the contrary,' said Hattersley suavely, 'I feel that the love and respect between our two countries is a much more important matter than any question of mere politics. I intend to go ahead as planned – as long as you are agreeable.'

This statesmanlike reply caused immense delight among the Bulgarians, and the visit went ahead as planned. You know the sort of thing – a guided tour of a barbed wire plant, a dreadful encomium from the president of the Writers' Union, interminable folk dances, and in the evening – a champagne reception. At which, the Foreign Minister came up again. 'Mr Rattersley,' he said, 'you must realise how grateful we are that you have not altered your plans as a result of the Prime Minister's resignation.' 'Please don't mention it,' said Hattersley, 'it really makes no difference at all. But tell me – there's one thing I don't understand. Why does the Prime Minister play such an important part in your constitution?' After a stony silence, the Foreign Minister laughed softly and nervously. 'Mr Battersby,' he said, 'there appears to have been some mistake. It is not *our* Prime Minister, it is *yours* who has resigned.' The champagne glass fell from Mr Hattersley's hand.

This story (I have sketched in some of the details, and I'm afraid I lied about the champagne glass) is more or less the truest thing that I have heard over the past week in the Palace of Westminster. Everyone is lying through their teeth. It's a game. As Mr James Wellbeloved said in the tea-room on Monday, rising from his armchair and dusting off the crumbs: 'Well, I think I'll

just go along and feed those dumb-fool journalists some more phoney information.' And I am reliably informed (not by Mr Wellbeloved) that when the campaign managers got together and added up the number of firm commitments they had received, the total figure came to considerably more than the number of Labour MPs – 427, to be precise. There is a rumour that a cross check is going to be made, to expose the proven liars.

In some cases, there is good reason. Poor Mr Geoffrey Robinson, the new Coventry MP, appears to have been considerably badgered. I was told by a Benn-man: 'He's voting for Benn on the first ballot and Foot on the second. I didn't bully him – I just said – look, Geoffrey, you've been in the Labour Party for some time, you know what's what, more than some of these sods. And we had a little discussion, and at the end he said, well, he thought he'd probably vote for Benn first and Foot second.' So the story got around that Robinson was voting for Benn, and then a counter-story was put around, saying he was for Foot. By Tuesday night, when I got to him, Mr Robinson had not voted. He was undecided, he said. As a matter of fact, he looked absolutely terrified.

As far as the lists are concerned, I came across only one that was worth looking at. It's known as the Non-Exhaustive, or Impossible ballot, and it goes like this: Crossland – 17, Benn – 17, Healey – 34, Jenkins – 68. The beauty of it is that if the voting fell out like that, nobody would drop out, the whole process would have to start again from scratch, with new candidates. And at that rate Mr Wilson would stay for the Jubilee after all. I spoke to one Foot-man who said: 'I probably know more accurately than anyone else in the House what the figures will be.' We added up his *minimum* votes for each candidate and they came to 20 more than the total number of voters.

He didn't seem to be very put out by this.

The campaign so far has been fairly cleanly fought. There is of course a certain amount of black propaganda flying around. The enemies of Jenkins put out a story that Jenkins had threatened to sack 50 mediocrities as soon as he came to power. At once, the mediocrities were in arms, and the Jenkins-men had to scotch the rumour. So far from being against the mediocrities, they said, Mr Jenkins is positively in favour of them. He's running on a mediocrity ticket. Several people are getting worried about their future, and you can't move in the Palace of Westminster without bumping into placemen, jostling for position. Jostle, jostle, all day long. There is a fascinating explanation for Mr Roy Mason's dithering over whether to stand, and I pass it on for what it's worth. Mr Mason is rather afraid that he's next in line for Northern Ireland. He doesn't want to go. He figured that, when the next Prime Minister replaced Mr Merlyn Rees, he wouldn't be able to send anyone who had stood against him in this election because that would look like a punishment. So if he stood, he'd be able to remain at the Ministry of Defence.

An unlikely proposition? Well, it's not the least likely story I've heard. The most subtle of the black propaganda concerns Mr James Callaghan, and the whole conspiracy theory. Everyone believes that Mr Callaghan is Mr Wilson's man, and all the evidence points in that direction. As I wrote last week, Mr Callaghan had been preparing his ground. And indeed it is whispered that, on the night of the famous government defeat, when Mr Wilson and Lady Falkender were enjoying a joint birthday party, Mr Callaghan was present during some loose talk to the effect that it was a pity Wilson had had to postpone the resignation he had originally planned for the next day. Mr Callaghan *knew*, but not only that. The conspiracy theorists now argue that Mr Callaghan is intended as a caretaker in more ways than one. Mr Wilson has simply *loaned* him Number 10, and fully intends, after Mr Callaghan has messed up the premiership, to return to the helm. The shorthand for this is he's going to do a Gladstone.

Search your heart, reader, and ask yourself – do you *really* want Mr Wilson back again in, say, 1979? No. So you can see how undermining this ludicrous suggestion is. The main attempt in Westminster at the moment is to find some formula for stopping Mr Callaghan. Whether it will succeed is, as far as I'm concerned, a matter for earnest, hopeless conjecture. For instance, the Jenkins-men were saying that if Mr Jenkins came second to Mr Foot in the first ballot, then all the soggy Centre would go rushing to make things up with Roy. Whereas the Healey-men were saying that under these circumstances there would be a Gadarene rush for Healey. Everyone except the two Tonies has a fighting chance. Mr Healey has, after his unpropitious start, made up a certain amount (if not enough) of lost ground. He has tried, also, to wash his mouth out; and wild horses would not drag from me the name of the candidate who, when asked 'Mr X, if you win, what would be your biggest headache on becoming Prime Minister?', replied – quick as a flash – 'Mind your own bloody business!'

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Anthony Howard

Conclave or Convention?

Fifteen years ago the Canadian New Democratic Party held its 'founding convention' in Ottawa. No miracles followed from its birth: the NDP, which won 19 seats in the 1962 Canadian general election, today holds merely 16. Yet if the NDP has not yet succeeded in the national political arena, it can at least claim to have blazed a trail in terms of internal party democracy. At that 'founding convention' in August 1961, Tommy Douglas, the then provincial Premier of socialist Saskatchewan, became the first national party leader in Canada to be chosen not by his colleagues in the parliamentary caucus but by a broad cross-section of the rank-and-file membership of his party.

An eccentric, one-for-all gesture on the part of an embryo political grouping whose mere smattering of MPs compelled it to act in that fashion? Not all. Six years later, in 1967, the main Opposition party in Canada, the Progressive Conservatives, did exactly the same thing. Just six months after that, in April 1968, the governing Canadian Liberal Party, realising that it was on a hiding-to-nothing in terms of television exposure, promptly followed suit. The result

that year was the election of Pierre Trudeau at the age of 48 – just as the result last month among the Progressive Conservatives was the emergence of a new leader, Joe Clark, not a year older than 36.

Why, then, should the Labour Party this week have been required to contemplate a field of candidates of whom the youngest – the 'boy wonder', Tony Benn – was already 50 years old? The answer must surely lie not in the calibre of candidates available but in the nature of the mechanism being used. No youthful cardinal, however commanding his ability, goes into a papal consistory with any realistic expectation of being elected Pope: he is, indeed, lucky if he gets there – as Giovanni Montini (now Pope Paul VI) did – at the age of 65. Much the same, it seems, now goes for the Parliamentary Labour Party – where the three leading candidates in this week's ballot were confidently expected to be (in alphabetical order): Mr James Callaghan aged 64, Mr Michael Foot aged 62, and – representing the 'Y' voters – Mr Roy Jenkins aged 55.

That, I shall no doubt be told, is merely the natural consequence of the PLP being the 'electoral college': MPs, after all, tend

to be middle-aged – the *average* age of the PLP is, in fact, 49 – and, all other things being equal, probably prefer to be led by someone older, rather than younger, than themselves. But if that is the price of the system, shouldn't we have the right to change it the next time round if not this?

It is not, after all, as if that were the only defect – or anomaly – in Labour's present arrangements for choosing a leader. To begin with, the machinery, as originally devised, was never intended to serve its present purpose. Until 1922 Labour MPs simply elected a 'chairman' – not a 'leader' at all; and as late as 1931 the two concepts were still sufficiently distinct for the party to have simultaneously a 'parliamentary chairman' (George Lansbury) and outside the House a 'party leader' (Arthur Henderson). But that kind of modesty on the part of the parliamentary party has long since gone out of the window: the man whom MPs start electing this week will be officially designated 'leader of the party' even in the NEC's own annual report. He will, though, have been voted for by something rather less than one in 2,000 even of the Labour Party's individual membership. In another context might not Mr Woodrow Wyatt or Mr Bernard Levin be expected to have something of a rather sharpish kind to say about that as 'an abuse of democracy'?

And yet we have heard virtually no protests of any kind. Nothing has been more depressing in the past week than the docile – not to say deferential – way in which the foot-soldiers of the Labour movement have



'When did you last see the TUC?'

acquiesced, without qualm or question, in the fact that their commanding officer can be chosen only by the officers' mess. The constituency RSMs, the ward corporals, the membership Naafi all appear to accept that not just the first but the final word can come only from the officers' ante-room. Could we not have expected Mr Ron Hayward – the one man the PLP allows to cross the frontier if only to become a lieutenant-quartermaster – to speak up on behalf of the Other Ranks? If we did, we were the more deceived: for even Mr Hayward, in that delightful Ox and Bucks Light Infantry voice of his, insists that this is a matter solely for those of commissioned rank to decide and not at all something that the rest of us have a right to get into.

Of course we all know why he has to do it. Like the good soldier he is, he recognises (as everyone must do) that the present composition of the Labour Party conference – with an almost ten-to-one preponderance of the trade unions as against the constituency membership – makes it an even more implausible electoral college than the parliamentary party. What more could Mrs Thatcher ask than to be provided with so obliging a public demonstration of the fact that a Labour Party leader was the 'creature' of the trade union bosses? The choice, however, is a false one. When the New Democratic Party held its founding convention all those years ago in Ottawa, it did one simple thing that the Labour movement in Britain ought to have the modesty and the good sense to copy. It firmly insisted that all trade union representation at the convention should be at branch level and not on the basis of an aggregate national block vote. Could there be a better way of testing Mr Hugh Scanlon's or Mr Clive Jenkins's allegiance to genuine democracy than to press them as to whether they are in favour of such an amendment to the Labour Party's present rules or not?

As it is, however, there is very little sign of such a reform coming in even on a side-wind. *Tribune* itself, which might have been expected to speak for 'the poor, bloody infantry', merely recommends that 'every Labour MP should go to his or her constituency and explain who they believe to be the person who can lead the Labour Government, and why'. Nothing that Mrs Thatcher, Mr Whitelaw or even Lord Home could dissent from in that. But there is a lot the average member of the Labour Party ought to do – if, that is, he is rash enough actually to believe in all the sentiments the party mouths about 'industrial democracy', 'workers' participation', or even (to bring up the matter of to whom the Labour Party really belongs) 'co-ownership'.

There is, in fact, an additional reason for mentioning that last phrase. For despite the recent ridiculousness of its behaviour, in terms of internal party democracy the Liberal Party today leaves the Labour Party standing: the constitutional contraption it has wheeled forward for its next leadership election may not be the ideal one but there is no guarantee that it will not eventually get it right. And Labour, as supposedly the party that believes in the mass movement, will be in a ludicrous posture if it allows the Liberals to advance the argument that it is a party that believes in democracy for

everyone else – but on no account, ever, for its own members.

No doubt it is too late to do anything about the party's papal consistory approach on this occasion. Once again the black smoke will have gone up this Thursday from the Palace of Westminster, to be followed by another black puff next Tuesday, and perhaps (if we are lucky) a clear white signal the following Monday. What the outside observer – not necessarily from

Mars but simply from North America – would be bound to find astonishing is the patience and passivity of those outside the PLP who merely stand and wait. Next October the Labour Party conference will have the chance of insisting that there should, and must be, some distinction between the internal elective arrangements of the Roman Catholic Church and those of the British Labour Party. As things stand it is hardly evident.

Alexander Cockburn

Britain Isn't News

There is nothing like surprise to sell papers and so far as the American press and television has been concerned the news over the last week has been more than usually 'stunning'. Last Tuesday Ronald Reagan at last, after five attempts, finally managed to secure what was at once described as 'a stunning upset' over President Ford in the North Carolina primary; three days before that a San Francisco jury managed to 'stun' everyone by briskly endorsing the concept of free will and finding Patty Hearst guilty of bank robbery, and, of course, in the middle of last week the *New York Times*, selecting the middle range in its scale of headline sizes, announced that 'Wilson, Stunning Britain, Quits as Prime Minister'.

It would be pleasant to report that Wilson's retirement, the search for his successor and indeed the travails of Princess Margaret have, after the initial spasm, continued to maintain a fierce grip on the American imagination. Such is not the case. Last weekend, for example, *Newsweek* was prepared to wait far beyond its normal deadline time in order to avert the doleful necessity of running a British cover. Two other covers, respectively labelled 'Guilty' and 'Innocent', were also prepared, and in the event the Hearst jury commendably recognised the problems of weekend journalism and came through with a speedy verdict. Across town, *Time* magazine, for its domestic edition, ran a cover of Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman – stars in the film of *All the President's Men*, which has its premiere next week.

It would not be fair to say that the citizenry here is finding it entirely impossible to decode what is going in Great Britain. Editorialists, the day after Mr Wilson's retirement, descended from the hills to plunder his remains: 'It can endlessly be debated whether Prime Minister Harold Wilson was a cause of the British "stagflation" of the past 12 years, or merely the personification of it' (*Washington Post*); 'Harold Wilson's surprising decision . . . has inevitably kindled hopes for a major recasting of British politics' (*New York Times*); 'It is true that the British, except in wartime, prefer mediocrity in leadership . . .' (Anthony Lewis, *New York Times*). And, with Wilson duly interred, journalists and pundits have given a fairly orthodox rendition of the ensuing manoeuvres. Characterisation has been inevitably snappy: moderate, genial Jim

Callaghan; bluff, testy, intellectually powerful Denis Healey; aristocratic, pragmatic Roy Jenkins; aloof, prickly Anthony Crosland; leonine, white-maned idealist Michael Foot; maverick, aristo-turned-radical Wedgwood Benn.

But, despite such efforts at taxonomy, it's fair to say that the search for a new prime minister has been accorded marginally less news value than the North Carolina primary – before Reagan's victory. Only the *Wall Street Journal* saw fit to make an endorsement. At the end of last week it ran, for the benefit of the second largest daily readership in the United States, an editorial entitled 'Tony Benn for PM'. Tony Benn should remain calm. 'Poetic justice,' said the *Journal*,

would demand that Labour's Left be handed the responsibility for trying to manage the consequences of the measures it has so actively urged from the sidelines. It might be a chastening experience for the Tony Benns and Michael Foots of the world to face a march of Welsh miners on Whitehall demanding either the removal of income restraints or an end to inflation.

But most commentators, lacking the spirited perversity of the *Wall Street Journal* have been sagely reflecting that Britain may at last – courtesy of the cuts in social expenditure – be on the conveyor belt from terminal collapse to prolonged and unattractive convalescent. Its location in the European chamber of horrors is, though, still as an unalluring showcase of the dangers of 'social democracy, trade unions, high taxation and facile compromise. So Britain has, as they say in *Wall Street*, been discounted as a major news story. But beyond the simple tedium involved in constantly lingering at the Sick Man of Europe's bedside there are some instructive political reasons for the relative lack of attention.

As I have remarked before, American political discourse in this election year is or a profoundly right-wing tack. In New Hampshire, in Florida and in Illinois Reagan attacked Ford from the Right and Ford swung Right to face him. Beseated by defeat, Reagan intensified his efforts in North Carolina. Republican voters in the state many of whom switched to Reagan at the last minute, were treated to commercial of him announcing: 'The truth is that the country must believe less in the pre-emptive

concessions we are giving to the Soviet Union and more in military superiority . . . this country is, for the first time, Number 2.'

It would be premature to say that Reagan's star is in any enduring sense in the ascendant. But the message of North Carolina will not be lost on President Ford, any more than should those of New Hampshire and Florida, where nearly half the Republican voters preferred Reagan.

Nor can many notes of moderation be heard from the Democratic candidates. I should note that Jimmy Carter won handily in North Carolina, appealing to conservatives and liberals alike and more or less permanently disposing of George Wallace as a serious political force. But the most distinctive utterances on foreign affairs from Carter, Henry Jackson and Mo Udall can be heard right here in New York, where an important primary takes place in ten days' time (and where there is a decisive Jewish vote). All these candidates are vying with each other in their devotion to Israel in terms of hyperbolic intensity – so much so indeed that some Jewish politicians are begging Jackson to moderate his language on the grounds that it may well be injurious to Israel's long-term interests.

It is quite clear that these right-wing rhetorical flourishes are going to be nourished by events over the weeks and months in Southern Africa. Senator Dick Clark, a liberal Senator from Iowa who was instrumental in blocking \$9m. worth of appropriations for the US effort in Angola a few months ago, was interrogated last Sunday on national television in vehemently hostile tones by four journalists. Clark managed to maintain a liberal stance, but the general impression given to the viewers was that he was more or less an agent for the promotion of communism in Africa.

Politically these outbursts of fury devolve into a game of chicken, whereby all the candidates leap-frog each other in a rightward direction as rapidly as possible without actually falling into the dangerous chasm where they can be described by their opponents as advocating an immediate start to the third world war. Both Jackson and Reagan have found themselves teetering on this particular brink, and Jackson, at least, has drawn back, speaking of a 'properly managed' détente.

Britain, unlike Italy, Spain, Portugal or even France is hard to accommodate in this debate. Only its tractations with Ian Smith are regarded with keen attention. Unlike the situation two years ago, when it was regarded as a potentially weak link in the Western European chain of political stability, it is now regarded as sickly but, failing total financial collapse or the accession of Foot, more or less secure. Many of the headlines about the country tend to have the word 'drift' in them. In the present hot-blooded attitude here towards international events, no one is over-excited about that. Thoughtful assessments of the likely impact of James Callaghan on US-British relations have yet to be uttered, beyond the brief commendation that he is 'a friend'. Given the brevity of reaction to his resignation, Harold Wilson should be able to write an interesting, if melancholy, summary of the course of US-British relations during his years in office.

New York

Tom Baistow

Harold, Jim, Tony and Roddy

If Harold Wilson had deliberately timed his resignation to get his own back on Fleet Street by exposing its incorrigible preference for personal scandal – above all, sexual scandal – over hard, significant news, he couldn't have organised it better: in the very week that the Royal Commission on the Press produced its (anti-climactic) emergency plan for cheap loans to preserve our existing national newspapers in all their vital democratic diversity, the three biggest-selling populars demonstrated with depressing unanimity that what they really cared about was not who would succeed the Prime Minister but who might take over from Viscount Snowdon.

For the *Mirror*, the *Sun* and the *Express* a week past on Wednesday the big news was, as the *Mirror* put it, in street-bill type across the top of the front page: 'Margaret and Tony DIVORCE' (wrong, of course – by Friday it was separation, official). Of the populars, only the *Mail* added to its growing reputation by leading, like the qualities, on the Wilson sensation. Now it could be argued that the resignation story had broken in time for the evenings and television, and that the mass-circulation papers were merely concentrating on the newest news. Which would be canting rubbish: the Snowdon rumour had been salivated over for weeks, not to say years; and Fleet Street – to its cost – has never allowed a story's maximum exposure on TV to disqualify it from the full splash treatment the following day.

So much for the trivial order of priorities decreed for the 25 million-odd people who depend on the pops for their information. The coverage of the Wilson-and-after story was as thoroughly British, in the full hypocritical sense of the word. Naturally, the

nil nisi bonum rule came into immediate effect for yesterday's devious, shifty architect of Britain's plight as surely as the general accolade went, rather wistfully, to Fleet Street's favourite social democrat (i.e. Tory manqué), Roy Jenkins. Wilson, bemused readers must have been puzzled to discover, 'lacked neither patriotism nor political nerve' (*Mail*); indeed, 'that Mr Wilson is a patriot has never been doubted' (*Express*).

But the retiring PM was not merely acquitted of treason. The *Sun*, which in 1974 was warning its growing band of young readers they mustn't trust the wily Mr Wilson, rent its diaphanous garment and cried: 'Where, oh, where is the man who would have done better in these difficult years? . . . Thank you from all of us.' (Could that possibly include the absent Mr Rupert Murdoch, who recently helped to oust Australia's Labour government?) To underline its new-found admiration for him, the paper devoted four pages to a 'This is your life, Harold Wilson' feature and a full page to his resignation statement. But not, of course, at the cost of the *Sun*'s basic service to readers: page three provided the statutory nipple ration and another page set out the delights of group sex.

As the one daily that has consistently, if half-heartedly, backed Labour through its travails, the *Mirror* seemed strangely muted in its valediction – a mere 17 lines which included a reminder that Harold had left the battle against inflation unwon. Strangely, that is, unless you had read the previous Thursday's *Mirror*. On that day its recently appointed editor Mike Molloy proudly gave over the middle spread to an exclusive Marjorie Proops interview with the Prime Minister on his 60th birthday. It was vintage, cosy Proopsie stuff, with Harold smiling innocently out of the page like any honest con man who has just slipped the joker up his sleeve. Marje, poor girl, trying to probe into what she called his 'personal core', never got a hint of his sleight of underhand:

It isn't, I think, that he's deliberately trying to throw you off the track. It's simply that to him politics are life . . . he actively enjoys every moment of being premier, and got a bit cross, I felt, when I said: 'At 60 . . . don't you think about putting your feet up?'

Beautifully thrown off track by that piece of double-crossness, Marje fluttered to her conclusion: 'He'll go on until – until when? He doesn't for a moment contemplate an ending . . . happy birthday, dear Harold.' On the day the *Mirror* ran the resignation story Marje was back on duty in her agony page. Bang in the middle was her 'Stinker of the Week' feature. 'Here's a stinker of a man,' she wrote, who's been successfully deceiving three women at once . . . Marje, Maggie – but who's the third? If Wilson is half the gent Marje told *Mirror* readers he was, he must surely make the *amende honorable* and send her to the Lords to join the IPC Six.

The qualities went in more for the faint



praise that is their knocking stock in trade. The warmest phrase *The Times* could raise was that Wilson was a 'consummate manager' but it conceded that 'even those who have criticised him most harshly in the past may feel that he could be ill spared at this time'. Similarly, the *Guardian* agreed that he had 'held Labour together . . . He maintained and strengthened its credibility as a party of government' but went on to record its 'sense of pervading disappointment and disillusion which the passage of time is unlikely to eradicate'. And the *Telegraph*, having first put in the boot ('First rate about second-rate things, he was second rate about nearly all the great ideas and issues') softened the kick with 'But he was a parliamentarian . . .'

Having buried Caesar and got their breath back, the heavies got down to choosing Wilson's successor. Refreshingly, none mentioned Mrs Thatcher. But one turned eagerly to *The Times* to discover if Mr William Rees-Mogg had finally disappeared into his Whiggish fantasy world to produce a new leader from the Lords – after all, as he recently assured us, Lord George Brown drunk would be a better prime minister than Harold Wilson sober. But no. A more sober Rees-Mogg settled for his favourite commoner: 'Mr Jenkins in Downing Street with Mr Healey continuing his strong fight against inflation at the Exchequer would be a convincing arrangement.' So far the *Guardian* had not made up its mind but its political columnist Peter Jenkins took the opportunity to excommunicate Michael Foot as an intellectually dishonest economic ignoramus who can be 'summed up as a trade union lick'. (The Rees-Mogg syndrome is clearly catching.) At least the *Telegraph* gave proof that it might be moving towards some degree of political realism under its new editor William Deedes, himself a former MP, by dismissing Jenkins's chances – 'It is true, but damaging, to say of Mr Jenkins that his natural home would be Asquith's cabinet of 1910' – and facing, however reluctantly, the probability of Callaghan's succession.

The pops were still hot on the trail of Tony, Margaret and her new friend, Roddy Llewellyn, but three of them belatedly remembered their duty to Roy. 'If Mr Callaghan is the best short-term bet for the Labour Party,' said the *Express*, 'Mr Jenkins must be undoubtedly the best long-term bet for Britain.' The *Sun*, while admitting that 'much the likeliest winner still seems Mr Callaghan' laid its heart on the line: 'Let there be no doubt where the *Sun* stands – the *Sun*'s vote would go to Roy Jenkins.' And after a week's soul searching the *Mail* also decided that Roy was 'the best man for Labour and Britain'. From the *Express* came a faint flash of its old Beaverbrook showmanship: the paper invited readers to vote for their choice of prime minister on a page one ballot form – 'The decision is too important to be left to just 317 MPs electing a party leader'. Or to 14 editors, come to that.

For professional paper watchers the most piquant titbit arrived with the *Sundays*. There was the *Observer* giving convincing proof that its new editor Donald Treford – backed up, not to say pushed, by his deputy

John Cole – is determined to be independent of his predecessor David Astor, its proprietor and a close friend, admirer and former employer of Roy Jenkins in his journalistic days. 'Jenkins would make a good prime minister,' said the leader, but 'the damaging charge of divisiveness will probably stop him'. Callaghan is the *Observer*'s man. Unsurprisingly, the *Sunday Times* believed that 'Jenkins would be the best prime minister and, if we cannot have him, Healey', although its own opinion survey showed 'The Voters Want Callaghan' (well, 48 per cent of an 'interlocking quota sample of 1,174 electors' do) and its straw poll of 265 Labour MPs put Foot well in the lead on the first ballot.

Any of the 30 million readers of the *Sunday* populars in search of political guidance had their work cut out. The *News of the World* devoted its first few pages to its 'world exclusive' revelation that 'Princess Margaret's young lover – my darling angel, she calls him – is on the dole'. Inside it also revealed that Michael Foot – 'man of unbridled personal power' – was forging ahead by their count. The *Sunday Mirror*, which

also had a 'world exclusive' (poor Princess Anne has been 'bearing the brunt' of Margaret's neglected royal duties), carefully praised all six candidates but hinted coyly where its favours lay by putting Healey first, reporting that he was 'poised for a massive push' (whatever that might mean) and featuring Mrs Healey as 'the wife of the week'. Not to be outdone, its stablemate the *Sunday People*, also a Labour paper in its previous manifestation, burst out into a positively Cudlippian front-page leader lambasting Margaret for her low productivity ('To be frank, she hasn't earned her £35,000 a year'). Not until page 17 did it get round to Labour's little problem and Matthew Coady's confident solution: 'I say it has to be Healey and Foot!' Cautiously, the *Sunday Express* contented itself with a demand that Labour's leadership election should be speeded up to put the electors out of their misery.

On the contrary, unless the ballot drags on until the last juicy drop has been wrung from the Tony-Margaret-Roddy story millions of newspaper readers might never find out who their new prime minister is.

Christopher Hitchens

Taking Jim's Word for It

In his *Treatise on the Art of Political Lying*, the celebrated Dr Arbuthnot warned aspiring reputation-breakers that their 'detractionary or defamatory' material 'should not be quite opposite to the qualities the person is supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound rules of pseudology to report of a pious and religious prince that he neglects his devotions and would introduce heresy; but you may report of a merciful prince that he has pardoned a criminal who did not deserve it'. Faced with a minister whose public reputation is one of genial and unflappable competence, Dr Arbuthnot's advice should be borne in mind. It is probably best, when deciding whether to take Jim's word for it, to let him speak for himself on the only real test of his Foreign Secretaryship – the coup and subsequent invasion which led to the laying waste of Cyprus while it was under ostensible British protection.

On 19 February Mr Callaghan appeared before the House of Commons Select Committee on Cyprus. He had, during the previous month, refused to appear at all, and made an attempt to strip the committee of its power to 'call for persons and papers'. On 18 January the *Sunday Times* had complained that 'Mr Callaghan is simply refusing to come before the Select Committee on Cyprus'. Although he had

eventually to give in, this tactic must have been to the Foreign Secretary's advantage because it gave him plenty of time to prepare his case. Three senior civil servants from the Foreign Office sat with him in case of mishap. What follows is extracted from the transcript, which will soon be published in printed form and which has already led to mass demonstrations of protest in Nicosia.

Questioned:

On whether he still recognised the original Treaty of Guarantee: 'I do not know the law as clearly as some.'

On whether he had made preparations with the Ministry of Defence before the Turkish invasion: 'I do not know what you are referring to.'

On anticipating the invasion: 'Nobody knew where the invasion was likely to come from, whether from Greece or Turkey.'

On reports of Turkish troop movement which he had received at the Geneva talks: 'Was that right?' (turning to his aide M Goodison).

On whether the British forces in the north of Cyprus could have been deployed in a different way: 'I suppose so. I do not know.'

On whether there were enough British forces to have secured the northern coast: 'I am not able to comment on that because I just do not know at this stage' (my italics).

On whether there had been direct discussions between Greek and Turkish Cypriots on bizonal federation: 'I do not remember' (Mr Goodison took over).

On whether Archbishop Makarios had accepted the three-point settlement or not: 'I think you are going beyond my know-

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ledge' (once again Mr Goodison took over).

On whether British citizens had been assured of British government protection in the event of war, and if he understood the relevant clause in the Treaty: 'I am sorry, where is that . . . I can only repeat this parrot-wise, but I am told this is nothing to do with the Treaty of Guarantee.'

On whether the Turkish Government had changed its mind on compensation: (Mr Burden had to answer for him.)

On whether the Foreign Office in 1974 had advised British residents not to return to their homes: 'When was this advice given, could you tell me?' Told that it was 'October 1974, the Consular Emergency Unit of the FCO': 'What did it say?'

On the status of refugees within British sovereign base areas: 'I doubt if I can answer that. Mr Goodison had better try.'

On whether the High Commissioner had a hardship fund: 'I am afraid I am not aware of that.'

More Than Ignorance

All or most of these points are familiar to anybody with a lay interest in Cypriot affairs and, given the notice he had of the session, Mr Callaghan might have done better in staying on top of his brief. But some of the disclaimers show more than mere ignorance. Asked by a Tory member of the committee whether HMG had any advance intelligence of the 15 July coup, he replied 'No'. 'You mean you cannot say?' 'No, there was no advance intelligence.' In view of the fact that two weeks before the coup President Makarios had issued an open letter to the Greek Government accusing them of being about to kill him and overthrow his government; and remembering that even if the Foreign Office had not mentioned it to him, the newspapers had put it on the front page, this answer puts a heavy strain on credulity.

So does his answer to the question about possible United States foreknowledge, to which he replied: 'I am not going to comment on the United States position in these matters except to say this, that I have no reason to believe that anyone other than the Greek colonels and the plotters in Cyprus had any knowledge about these matters.' Well, we know that Makarios knew. So, on their own evidence since, did the American ambassador to Athens, Henry Tasca (who worried at the close relationship between the CIA and the colonels); the Cyprus ambassador to Washington, Nicos Dimitriou (who conveyed his worries about the impending coup to the State Department); and Thomas Boyatt, head of the State Department Cyprus desk (who told Dimitriou he shared his concern). The recent report on American intelligence by Congressman Otis Pike's committee has concluded that the CIA had all the material available to forecast the coup, but were too close to the Greek dictatorship to make any civilised use of it. If Mr Callaghan sticks to his answer above, then either he is saying he was almost the only person *not* to know, or he is not telling the truth, or his 'special relationship' with Kissinger does not entitle him to be told when a British treaty is about to be violated by force.

The next stage of the crisis which re-

quired any foresight was the Turkish counter-stroke. Mr Callaghan has testified (above) that he didn't know whether the invasion would come from Athens or Ankara. That is strictly incredible, because by that time the Greek effort at annexation of Cyprus had already failed, and the Greek armed forces were in the process of falling from power.

To say that 'nobody knew' is equally certainly wrong. Three days before the date (20 July) that Mr Callaghan was questioned about, Dr Kissinger had sent Joseph Sisco to Ankara for the express purpose of preventing what all his advisers assured him was the next move – a Turkish invasion. On two occasions in the previous decade, the Turks had made it absolutely clear (and backed up their threats with military action) that any attempt at a Greek take-over in Cyprus would lead to their invading the island. On 20 July 1974 they did so. But they kept within a certain defensive perimeter. In reply to a question asking him what preparation he had made to anticipate a further Turkish advance, Mr Callaghan replied:

I am not sure that we did think about it in that way, because when they stopped to some extent as a result of the UN Security Council resolutions and other arguments that were put to them, I am not at all sure that at that stage – I cannot remember – my thinking was that I expected them to start again.

This reply, which combines the two recurring qualities of amnesia and logical confusion, is again in flat contradiction of the known facts. His own aide at the committee, Mr Goodison of the Southern European Department, admitted as delicately as he could that 'It is true that immediately after the signature of the Geneva Declaration the Turks did move forward a little'. Regular press reports of Turkish forward movement were appearing every day. And again, the House Committee on Intelligence has reported that 'US Intelligence concluded that Ioannides's installation of Nicos Sampson, notoriously anti-Turk, as Cypriot President insured a Turkish invasion'. The 20 July landings could only have been considered a preliminary.

Constitution 'Dead'

In his book *Cyprus in Search of a Constitution*, Polyvios Polyviou, who was attached to the Cypriot delegation to the second Geneva conference, relates that 'Information had come to the Greek side from the British delegation that, as had been reported to them, the Turkish armies were already preparing to move and would certainly do so unless agreement was reached'. That was on 13 August, about 24 hours before 'Operation Attila' cut Cyprus in half. It is hard to see where this leaves any of Mr Callaghan's defensive claims about prediction or contingency planning. The material was all there. He should have known, yes, but he *could* have known as well.

There existed, and exists now, a British promise to defend the integrity of the Cyprus Republic. Questioned about this by the Select Committee, and being reminded of the large and expensive British presence on the island, Mr Callaghan made two

separate replies. First, he said that the sovereign base areas were and are not part of Cyprus itself but of the United Kingdom. The United Nations mediator on Cyprus, in his 1965 report, talks of the bases as representing 'to a certain degree, an additional military guarantee of the integrity of Cyprus and its constitution'. Perhaps aware of that point (though perhaps not) Mr Callaghan before the Select Committee talked of the constitution as a 'dead letter' and thus, by implication, not worth fighting for.

Yet at Geneva he had assured the Cypriots, and all other parties present, that Britain would oppose any departure from the 1960 state of affairs and added 'it is not for me to propose changes in the constitution'. He might care to explain to the Cypriots who believed that Britain would defend them why it is that now, after the invasion of their island, he appears before the Select Committee and denounces their constitution as a write-off.

Sovereignty Gaffe

Other things in his testimony have hurt and offended Cypriot opinion. It is a pity, for instance, that he should have underestimated the number of people in Cyprus refugee camps by almost half the actual figure. But he made one answer so extraordinary that the Foreign Office was subsequently compelled to issue a statement correcting and clarifying it. In the course of answering a question about the 'Turkish Federated State' in the north, and its refusal to admit the Select Committee, Mr Callaghan observed that 'sovereign countries are very funny animals'. But the Turkish enclave is not a sovereign country, nobody recognises it as such, and a special press release had to be issued to say so. Foreign Secretaries who don't know whom we recognise are very funny animals.

As the Select Committee was winding up its hearing, the Foreign Secretary attempted to be bluff and popular. 'I was a very good trade union negotiator,' he confided. 'You always build on precedent.' But apparently not. At every stage in the most important crisis of his tenure, Mr Callaghan failed to recognise the precedents, or to act on them. In several cases he either knew things and now denies them for fear of being accused of collusion, or did not know things that any person in his job should have known. And in the course of handling it he even lost the admiration of his senior partner Dr Kissinger, who was overheard to say, after an outburst of alternate emotion and gloom from Mr Callaghan at Geneva, that this was the last time he left a 'boy scout' in charge of negotiations.

At the moment, it may seem eccentric to bother the Labour leadership with the problems and the fate of a small Commonwealth country a long way away, which was denied our promised protection and has since suffered all the 20th-century horrors of coup, napalm, invasion, refugee camp and mass loss of life. MPs will be looking for qualities of leadership, integrity, cool-headedness and experience. They might care to remember that the last people who took Jim's word for it have regretted it ever since.

Julian Mounter

Rhodesia's Conditioned Reflexes

Blond hair cropped to the ears, thick clipped accents cutting the air, four young Rhodesian soldiers celebrated a weekend furlough in Salisbury last week by seeing who could throw his empty beer bottle furthest along a crowded terrace; when the fragments from one scored a direct hit on a timid African waiter, who, for safety's sake, was trying to ignore the incident, they let out a yell of glee and tried to repeat the shot. The rest of the white guests on the terrace of the Monomotapa, Salisbury's post-UDI plastic and glass five-star show-piece hotel, just raised their voices above the din and looked the other way. Trying to put the best face on it he could, someone at our table said: 'They have had years of propaganda – even their news is censored. We don't have a liberal youth, we have an indoctrinated youth.' And he had the grace not to look very happy about it.

Stepping off the plane in Salisbury has always been like stepping back ten or 15 years: today it is a world of *South Pacific* and evening dresses, 'ties and jackets, please', Tony Hancock and Billy Graham. This time-gap, censorship and the isolation of sanctions creates an atmosphere that pervades everything. How do you relate today's realities to a society that is ten years behind the rest of the world?

It is an expressed cocktail party and gin-on-the-terrace view that South Africa is going to face the 'real' trouble first. And when you ask about the war and the fact that more white soldiers have been killed in the past few weeks than at almost any other time in the long conflict, they say that it is simply an indication that Mr Smith's army is at last getting to grips with the problem. Again, the combination of censorship and propaganda seems to create a blindness that cannot simply be dismissed as Rhodesians' unwillingness to consider another side.

Allan Savory, a former Rhodesian Front MP who crossed the floor of the Rhodesian Parliament and later helped form an opposition party, puts it this way:

Most white Rhodesians have a vague hope that the war can be won because they tend to confuse physical courage, actual battles, with the overall war situation. One cannot blame them altogether, because what people overseas do not realise is that from the year prior to UDI Rhodesians have not had a free broadcasting system. Radio, and particularly television, the most powerful political weapon in any country, have been in party political control of the Government for the past ten years.

In fact it would be wrong to suggest that Rhodesians cannot get hold of differing opinions, but their main source of current affairs information comes from the Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation and the English language *Rhodesian Herald* published in Salisbury. And they, when they are not actually being censored, appear to apply self-censorship.

It not only affects the white population,

either. With the exception of their leaders, many of the people in the ANC, both the Nkomo and the Muzorewa factions, are suffering from lack of information. When asked whether there would be conflict between the two factions if Mr Nkomo achieved a settlement with Mr Smith, Mrs Ruth Chinamano, the wife of the vice-president of the Nkomo ANC, said in an interview recently: 'No, because such misfits would be put in detention.' I discussed the reply with her, saying that many liberal people who supported her cause might be shocked that she, who had served 11 years in detention, should see such action as a solution to difference of opinion. 'I cannot believe that is how they feel abroad,' she told me, 'I read all the time about people being put in detention in Ireland and other such places.' And she does, for that is the kind of story in which the Rhodesian Herald Press gleefully specialises.

What finally of Mr Callaghan's appeal to the people of Rhodesia to find 'an alternative path'? The Foreign Secretary,

answering a question in the Commons from Phillip Whitehead, clearly depended on his message reaching white Rhodesians over the BBC's overseas network – as Simon Hoggart in the *Guardian* on Tuesday put it: 'One had visions of Europeans, scotches in hand, clustered around radios at their swimming pools intoning sagely . . . and agreeing with a sigh that Smithy had finally been rumbled.' But, with few exceptions, it doesn't happen that way. Most Rhodesians I met believe the government line that the foreign media are manipulated against them.

Certainly on the night of the Foreign Secretary's warning that Mr Smith is taking Rhodesians down the path to death and destruction, the main news programme on Rhodesia's hard to watch, mostly out of focus, black and white television thought Mr Callaghan's statement of secondary importance to a film story about the building of a new black Rhodesian housing estate in the capital.

Other brief RBC summaries did not carry the story at all on Monday night and in most, if not all, that evening's broadcasts, when the statement was mentioned, comment on it was restricted to reaction from Mr Smith's Rhodesia Front Party and other right-wing views. Surprisingly, though, on this occasion the *Rhodesian Herald* came to Mr Callaghan's aid. It did make his statement the main story on its front page on Tuesday morning.

Naomi Shepherd

The Children of the West Bank

The soldiers in Jerusalem carried plastic shields, white truncheons and water bottles as well as guns and looked as if they had been left over from the Purim carnival of the previous week. They were about the same age as the Arab schoolboys who had run riot through the West Bank for a fortnight, hurling stones at police and soldiers, burning tyres and pulling stones from the hillside terraces to make road blocks. In some towns young men had chanted slogans, raised the PLO flag and read the shopkeepers lessons in civil disobedience. Schools were deserted, shops closed. At first the military nursed its bruises, then posses of soldiers began chasing the boys and hauling them off to summary trial and heavy fines. The military ordered the mayors and town councils to call off the boys; they couldn't or wouldn't. There was one casualty – an Arab child killed by a soldier. Curfew followed and the mayors of half a dozen West Bank towns resigned in protest. This was unprecedented.

Meanwhile the PLO and Syrian radio were applauding rather than commiserating with the West Bankers for the first time, urging the Arab world to support the 'uprising'. Fatah leaflets distributed in the Hebron area called on all Moslems to congregate in Jerusalem for prayer and protest. Commercial strikes spread and the media warned of the coming insurrection

in Jerusalem. Then the wire came down. Border police details at entrance roads turned back anyone young enough to bowl a stone. Curfews held back others. In the event, attendance at the El Aksa Mosque was below average and the subsequent demonstration subdued. Most of the Old City merchants had lowered their shop-front shutters and tourists found themselves facing the army in the echoing warren of the Old City alleys. Every visible stretch of roof displayed a soldier and every alley crossroad a group of paratroopers on patrol. At the Damascus Gate soldiers were tucked between the battlements. 'Get the civilians off the wall,' snapped a police officer, indicating an elderly tourist couple with camera and walking stick placidly surveying the lineup. There hadn't been so many Israeli soldiers in Jerusalem in peacetime since Otto Preminger borrowed half the army to shoot *Exodus*.

There is a whole textbook of reasons why a few hundred schoolboys (for few were over 18) could rouse the entire West Bank, spark a Security Council debate and embarrass the Israeli Administration, which had long insisted that no force was necessary for benevolent military rule. Since the Yom Kippur war the West Bank Palestinians have grown increasingly impatient and sensitive to Israel's isolation and political weakness. Thousands of workers who manned



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Electricity does the nation a power of good



Israel's building industry during the post-1967 period can now find more profitable work in Amman. The current mood of protest goes back to last November when the PLO took the rostrum at the United Nations. Hostility simmered when Israel bombed Lebanon and when the unsanctioned settlers of Sebastia, near Nablus, were put under military protection at Kaddum Camp nearby. It exploded when an inexperienced Jerusalem magistrate three weeks ago acquitted a group of right-wing Jewish demonstrators who had held prayers on the Temple Mount, which is also the site of the El Aksa Mosque.

The fact that religious Jews are barred from the Mount by tradition and that the Attorney-General subsequently appealed against the verdict left no impression on offended Moslem sensibilities. What the West Bank wanted was an immediate reversal of the ruling, which did not come. PLO supporters and the communists whom Israel now blames for inciting the schoolboys could not have found a better opening. And although there is evidence of incitement the latent resentment and anger were widespread. All the West Bank is at least nominally sympathetic to the PLO though active saboteurs are few. As to the Communists, even at the height of their power under the pro-Communist Jordanian Prime Minister Nablusi in 1957 the numbers of party members was only 1,000. But the remnants of this party and the Arab National Front, both outlawed under Hussein's regime, have found a nationalist consensus in opposing the Israelis.

'The young people are merely expressing the feelings of all on the West Bank. We have had enough of the occupation. On this El Aksa issue we have been waiting for some declaration from the Government but none came. I cannot stop my pupils if they want to go out into the Old City to express their solidarity with the demonstrators,' said the headmaster of the big Rashadiye Secondary School in East Jerusalem last week. Attendance had been halved since the troubles began and was dropping daily.

The traditional leaders who have helped Israel keep the peace, the West Bank mayors, are now being forced into an unaccustomed nationalist rather than local role. Most of them, past masters at adapting first to British, then to Jordanian, and finally Israeli rule, see the forthcoming municipal elections scheduled for 12 April as threatening their position. To challenge nationalist youth at this stage would be dangerous. Thus the Nablus mayor, Haj Mazouz El Masri, refused to retract his resignation and prepared to lead a delegation to the Arab states; in Tulkarm, Mayor Hilmi Shamoun refused to resign, arguing that this would be playing into the hands of the Israelis. In Hebron, feudal chieftain Muhammed Ali Ja' Abari, whose petitioners still kiss hands and who has long teetered between collaboration and national pride, finally resigned when boys stoned troops from the municipality roof and the soldiers battered their way into the premises to clobber them. Later he withdrew his registration. And Rabbi Levinger, fanatical leader of Hebron's new Jewish settlers was forbidden by the military to enter the area.

In Bethlehem, Elias Freij, one of the

few key West Bank figures still in office, argued 'it was only a crowd of kids who called on me to resign. I consulted the city elders and they supported me'. Freij would resign, he said, only if provoked by direct army action in this normally placid town or if Israeli officers were appointed to replace any West Bank mayor. Like most of the moderate veteran leaders, Freij is apprehensive of the results, of elections held under tension. 'It will be a protest vote,' he emphasised, 'and it could result in the El Aksa issue jolting people out of their apathy, and the public punishment, curfews and arrests united them, even though there is not yet a common political language in the West Bank. What has happened is a defeat for Israeli policy in Jerusalem, and if Israel replaces the mayors with army officers it would be a disaster. It is the policy of an ostrich.'

Ostriches, blockheads, stupidity – these are the words responsible West Bankers use today about Israeli policy. Only the schoolboys talk of cruelty, revenge and blood. Israel's fault to date has not been repression but a tendency to believe her own propaganda about West Bank complaisance. The April elections, a public relations exercise to show that self-government under Israeli rule can work, may turn into a confrontation, with the West Bank

preparing to call what it now sees as Israeli's bluff. The new leaders may not be the pro-Hussein men Israel was confident the West Bank would return, but a younger, better educated and inevitably more nationalist generation. The Israeli military are already unenthusiastic: 'We're not going to break our necks to see the elections get held,' said one high-ranking officer last week. Others pointed out that the Gaza Strip alone had remained quiet because of 'no elections, no discussions, no local press to whip up the kids like the East Jerusalem papers'. It may well be significant moreover that Mr Peres, who has his own plan for a West Bank federated to Israel, favours Jewish settlement throughout the area and is a hardliner on withdrawal, is all for 'normalisation' (though when all else fails he resorts to threats) while Mr Rabin, who appears more flexible on negotiations with Jordan and has no ideological bent, wanted he riots immediately suppressed by force and fought Mr Peres over this.

The time may be approaching when Israelis will no longer be able to believe that the Palestinians of the West Bank are reconciled to Israeli rule and the stigma of military rule, or to deny the urgency of a settlement which would relieve them of the control of nearly a million resentful Arabs.

Jerusalem.

Mary Holland

Double Standards at Sea

Here's a novel way to inject a massive subsidy into the hard-pressed finances of the Health Service or ease the shaky budget of London Transport. Why not simply cut the wages of all the coloured employees to less than a quarter of their white work-mates? Ludicrous, of course. Hasn't the Home Secretary just introduced a new, tougher Race Relations Act to ensure that there will be no discrimination on grounds of colour in British workplaces? The White Paper on the subject has the authentic Jenkins reforming ring about it: 'It is the Government's duty to prevent morally unacceptable and socially divisive inequalities from hardening into entrenched patterns.'

Fine words, but apparently not designed to extend to entrenched patterns of discrimination by British employers which already exist; at least if Clause 9 of the Bill is anything to go by. This specifically exempts from the new Act the 20,000 coloured seamen who are hired in foreign ports to work on British ships. At present their basic rate of pay is £32 a month, compared with £40 a week for their British shipmates.

The news that no inroads were to be made on this entrenched pattern of discrimination has been greeted with 'shock and dismay' by the National Union of Seamen. One of their officers involved in negotiations with the Home Office told me it was a complete 'bombshell'. When the new Race Relations Act was first proposed

the union welcomed it, making the point that this could be just the breakthrough it had been waiting for. The fact that Asian seamen had already been exempted from the 1965 Act had always weakened its hand in negotiating with the shipowners. Added to this, individual members would admit that the union's own record in fighting for the coloured seamen was very far from unsullied. But they say there has been a change of attitudes recently. If they could just get this new legislation on to the statute book then it would be much easier for the union leadership to take up the struggle in earnest.

The hiring of Asian seamen at cut rates on ships flying the British flag is an old scandal. Mr Jenkins might well describe it, as he has other discriminatory anomalies, as 'a legacy from our colonial past'. It dates from the East India Company's imperial sway over the trade routes through the Indian Ocean when the crews of many of its ships were hired locally and paid at local rates. Today there are about 22,000 such seamen, most of them from India and Bangladesh and mainly employed on the luxury liners. They are paid at rates agreed with their local unions, under heavy pressure from the national governments concerned. What this means is that they often get less than a quarter of a British seaman's wage for doing the same job.

The practice is defended by the shipowners on the grounds of economic neces-

sity. Without such labour, they say, the merchant fleet could well collapse, particularly the labour-intensive luxury liners. The other source of pressure against equalising wages is, by tradition, the Indian Government. Its argument, which the National Union of Seamen has already been told carried considerable weight with the Home Office this time round, is intriguing. Simply put, it is that to pay an Indian sailor the same as a British one would be to do drastic damage to the local wage structure. It would mean that an Indian bar steward, say, would be getting the same as a doctor in Calcutta. Except, of course, that an Indian sailor has to live for long periods on British ships, buying his necessities at the same rate as his British shipmates and, presumably, paying the same rates for his pleasures when he hits port.

The union is well accustomed to both these arguments. The National Union of Seamen points out that the shipping industries of other European countries, even those with a long maritime tradition, do not find it necessary to exploit cut-price labour in order to survive. Sweden, Finland, Belgium, France all insist that ships flying the national flag will pay everyone on board the rate for the job. In Scandinavia the national unions regularly black any ship that attempts to do otherwise, not simply on moral grounds but for the eminently self-interested reason that any intrusion of cut-price labour threatens the jobs and conditions of their own members.

In its representations to the Home Office

the National Union of Seamen also made the point that Britain is already reviled by some countries as a pool of cheap labour because the pay of our own British seamen is already substantially below international rates. The use of Asian seamen is another factor in the undercutting war and as such should be stopped for industrial, if not for moral reasons.

To all these arguments, Mr Alex Lyon is reported to have listened with sympathy. But since the White Paper great inter-departmental lobbying seems to have taken place. The DTI appears to have taken it upon itself to act as spokesman for the shipowners, arguing that, at worst, a considerable part of the merchant fleet might collapse with disastrous economic consequences. At best, there would be a cutback in the luxury cruise trade and a severe decline in the contribution which this makes to the balance of payments. This also carried considerable weight with the Treasury.

The Department of Trade is also involved in a more intimate fashion. British Petroleum, in which the Government holds a majority stake, owns a tanker fleet which employs – you've guessed it – several hundred coloured seamen paid at the cheap rates. When the White Paper on the Race Relations Bill was first published the union noticed that paragraph 15 referred to the Government's 'special responsibility' as an employer to be seen to be unequivocally opposed to discrimination. It was suggested that a helpful precedent might be set if the Department were to instruct BP to

equalise the rates of pay between the coloured and white seamen employed on its tanker fleet. The response from, I believe, Tony Benn, was that the DTI could not interfere in what was a matter for BP's board.

The Bill received its second reading earlier this month. In the House of Commons the only voice raised to protest against the discrimination against 22,000 coloured seamen employed on British ships was that of Paul Rose. Replying for the Government, Alex Lyon agreed that the situation was intolerable and said that the Government had told the shipping interests that they must bring their Indian seamen into line with British seamen 'and that over a very limited period of time'.

But what does a 'very limited period of time' mean? The National Union of Seamen fears that it could mean up to ten years and that that will simply be an excuse for the shipowners to do nothing for a decade and come forward again with renewed pleas of poverty. At the moment it is pressing for an amendment to be inserted into the Bill at committee stage making it compulsory for the shipowners to equalise rates of pay within two years. But there is general despondency that the Government appears to have caved in so completely on the issue. For all the fine rhetoric and good intentions of the new Bill the fact remains that our longest-standing entrenched pattern of discrimination in employment has been allowed to remain untouched.

THE CHARTER FOR THE UNBORN



A child of about 14 weeks gestation killed under the 1967 Abortion Act.

1. Since the modern sciences of genetics and embryology show beyond doubt that human life starts at conception, a just society should treat the unborn child as a human being from conception onwards.

2. Since a just society must reject the idea of inferior, disposable, or second-class citizens and must require that all human beings be equal before the law regardless of age, size, race, sex, or attainments (mental or physical), the unborn child should be given full protection of the law from conception onwards; and any law which discriminates against or declares the unborn child to be inferior is unjust.

3. Indeed, the unborn child is small, vulnerable and defenceless and therefore especially deserves the protection of the law proper to a human being.

4. Since society must always seek just solutions to problems, the response to problems of pregnancy should be to protect the unborn child and to provide care and practical support to enable the mother to continue the pregnancy, with adequate support after the child is born.

This Charter has been drawn up for Witness 1 Million, the week of remembrance (21-28 March 1976) for the millionth abortion in the UK under the 1967 Abortion Act – which will be carried out about now.

Save the Unborn Child

Life

35 Kenilworth Road,
Leamington Spa,
Warwickshire.
Tel: 0926 21587

Jonathan Dimpleby

Kissinger Comes to the Rescue

The earth still trembles and buildings still rock and people still run from their houses but it happens less often now. The emergency is over and Guatemala is gradually returning to what passes as normal in this small corner of central America. In the hotel, where a string quartet vied for attention with a hundred hammers chipping broken plaster from the walls, two of Muhammed Ali's front men complained about the lack of night life and wondered where they could get some dope. They wanted to set up a world championship but the earthquake, dammit, had got in the way. Up the road Guatemala's first topless go-go club opened but no one went in for fear it should fall down. A huge American tourist, his flesh cascading over the deckchair which imprisoned him, was hauled clear by his wife, and they went off on a shopping spree. Twenty-seven people were assassinated, and, if the statistics are correct, 1,000 children under the age of five died of malnutrition last week.

Henry Kissinger arrived, of course. Two years ago he had judged that Bangladesh, where they were dying of starvation, was 'an international basket case'. Here he was in different mood. His voice gravelly with emotion, he told a press conference that his helicopter flip over ruins of the earthquake had been, well, 'very moving'. So moving, indeed, that his Government would respond to 'the courage of the people of Guatemala' in a way which would reflect 'the spirit of friendship and human sympathy between our two peoples'. The Secretary of State tells his lies with the aplomb of a past master but the people of Guatemala have endured the 'friendship' of America for too long to be fooled by false words. Nor were they fooled when the United States rushed in food, helicopters, doctors and hospitals almost before the rest of the world had heard of the disaster; they know well that America has much to preserve in Guatemala.

Twenty-two years ago Guatemala was a democracy whose President, Jacopo Arbenz, had some modest ambitions: he would eliminate mass hunger, and alleviate mass poverty. To that end he had proposed a programme of land reform which would expropriate, from a few of that 2 per cent who owned 80 per cent of the country, a tiny part of that land which they did not use. More particularly he proposed to take land away from the United Fruit Company, which owned huge tracts of rich but fallow land. As if that were not enough, he behaved like a liberal and legalised the Communist Party. It was too much for the United States, which in the paranoia of the time detected a Red menace disguised as a social democrat, and concluded that it was sometimes necessary to destroy freedom in order to preserve it. The CIA was instructed to organise and arm rebel officers, who had little difficulty in driving

Arbenz from the country. Chanting much gobbledegook about communist subversion, a military dictatorship was rushed into office which under the cover of 'representative democracy' – as US officials are pleased to call a system which allows the army to ignore election results they don't like – has held power ever since. The reforms, inevitably, were crushed.

It was the poor, whose houses were too weak to withstand the shock, who died in the earthquake: 25,000 of them in the slums and of the city and the country villages. But the inequality of death took no one by surprise. After all, more than 50,000 children die each year from malnutrition in Guatemala, in a country which could easily feed not only its own population, but the people of at least two neighbouring countries – if only the army and the Americans had permitted the reforms to go ahead.

As it is, Guatemala's oligarchy still own the country. They grow coffee, sugar and cotton in the lush tropical lowlands of the Pacific coast which they sell to the West, whose businessmen return the compliment by investing in commerce, banking, insurance and industry, to the mutual and exclusive benefit of each party. The system survives on the presence of cheap labour and the absence of squeamishness; a nicely balanced combination of mass poverty and mass murder.

The plantations, on which the wealth of the country depends, are tended by migrant workers from the highlands who are forced to the coast to keep their families alive. With child malnutrition at the rate of 75 per cent, and with unemployment at unknown but astronomical levels, they work for what the ILO has called starvation wages, and live in conditions of squalor that should cause a world outcry. The migrants are Indians, who constitute nearly 70 per cent of the population, but who are treated as though they belonged to another species; were it not for the fact that oppressor and oppressed cannot be distinguished by colour, Guatemala would enjoy the same international obloquy heaped on Rhodesia and South Africa. Yet, no one, least of all the United States, breathes a word.

How is it done, how are the people kept in order? It is simple. You terrorise them.

This Australia

□ A recently-married Queensland cattle rancher has had his ranch brand tattooed on his young wife's bottom to show anyone seeing it that she is his private property. The Brisbane tattooist, who performed the task, said: 'The wife didn't mind at all, they were just married and everything seemed a big joke to her. He didn't seem like a maniac or anything like that but most likely he just had old-fashioned ideas about the sanctity of marriage.' – *Daily Telegraph* (R. I. Butler)

You murder their leaders and then print lurid photos of their mutilated bodies in your newspapers and pretend you didn't do it – and you never find the assassins. It is more efficient than putting people in jail: there are no political prisoners in Guatemala. People simply 'disappear'.

The terror began ten years ago. Then there were guerrillas in the mountains, men who had supported the Arbenz Government but had been driven towards revolution in the years following its overthrow by the CIA and the army rebels. But in the two years between 1966 and 1968, using helicopter gunships and napalm supplied by the United States, and guided by US military 'advisers', the dictatorship 'pacified' Guatemala. Between 6-8,000 people were eliminated – a few of whom were guerrillas and most of whom were innocent peasants.

In the last five years alone, it is thought (by Amnesty International among others) that at least 15,000 people have 'disappeared'. The most prominent name on last month's list was of a senior official who worked in the City Hall, which lies directly under the flight path along which Pan Am jets bring in the businessmen from Miami. Rolando Andrade Pegna was already well known for his unhealthy obsession with the plight of the poor, and had been warned about it. However, he did not overstep the limits of nicety until – as the official in charge of earthquake relief in the city – he urged those who had lost their homes in the slums to occupy unused private property elsewhere in the city. One afternoon last month, on his way home from the office, three motor-cyclists stopped his car, drew sub-machine guns and killed him. If custom is preserved, his assassins will never be found. He should have remembered that private property in Guatemala is sacrosanct, and that the penalty for blasphemy is death.

The 'death squads', as they are termed by Amnesty, enjoy free range, and in the case of the most notorious, Mano Blanco, the patronage of one of two parties which form the Government, the MLN – the National Liberation Movement. The men of Mano Blanco send little notes to anyone who happens to believe in any reforms and dares say so: if you 'wish to remain alive and well' you should abandon your 'communist sympathies', they are told. And then (as if there were any doubt): 'We speak the truth: 30,000 peasant graves bear witness.'

Only those with strong stomachs did not flinch as the American Secretary of State shook hands with the Guatemalan President after the earthquake. Not because the latter came to power on the strength of an electoral fraud – which he did – but because when Mr Kissinger spoke of the 'steadfastness and dedication of your leaders', and when he promised some \$25m. for 'reconstruction' they knew they were in for more of the past, that the earthquake had taken their lives but would change nothing. Those worthy US Congressmen who voiced their anxiety last month about the way American relief aid would be spent in Guatemala might care to pay the country a visit. And if, after seeing the state it is in, they feel like crying, they should remember Auden: the little children might die in the streets.

London Diary

□ I've just looked up, and have been re-reading, the unsigned profile Dick Crossman wrote of Jim Callaghan in the NS in the autumn of 1970. With one exception – which we'll come to in a moment – it stands up very well: it was called 'The Anchor Man' and is, curiously, a great deal kinder to Callaghan than are the Crossman *Diaries* (which, of course, were written some five or six years earlier). Where the *Diaries* portray Callaghan as someone who always collapses under pressure, the profile presents him as someone who 'never allows himself to be panicked' – a man, in fact, 'not just of professional political skill' but also of 'iron nerves'.

□ The truth, I think, is that by 1970 Dick had come to have a pretty wary respect for Callaghan. Take this one wonderfully self-revealing sentence, which could well have been written about the Foreign Secretary's performance in the House on Monday about Rhodesia:

At his charming, modest and extremely subtle best, as he stands so easily at the dispatch box, he is a master of the plain man's presentation of complex issues to which university-trained colleagues aspire and which they rarely achieve.

The other thing, of course, that Crossman envied in Callaghan was the effortless way in which he could get away with 'disloyalty' (whereas any efforts that Dick himself made in that same direction always seemed to come unstuck). That admiration shines, I'd say, through this passage about Callaghan's behaviour at the height of the row in 1969 over 'In Place of Strife':

On the very day that he was sacked from the inner cabinet he sat coolly beside the Prime Minister, as though to emphasise that in opposing this measure he was fighting an ill-judged extremism and representing a middle road – in which he himself had always believed – and to which his colleagues would return after their moment of aberration.

Alas, though, it was the memory of the heat of that battle that misled Dick as a forecaster of the future. 'If one thing is clear,' he confidently wrote, 'it is that the election of a new leader, timed and influenced by Mr Wilson, would exclude Jim.' The ultimate proof perhaps that it is a very dangerous thing to underestimate James Callaghan.

□ Not that Dick would have been as indulgent to all this week's candidates. I also have in front of me a galley proof of a book review I wrote for the paper at roughly the same time. In it I had made a reference to Denis Healey as 'the unsung hero of the last [i.e. the 1964-70] Labour government'. Dick was an omnivorous reader – and always took home with him any bits of copy that he found lying about the office before leaving for the night. On this occasion the galley proof arrived back on my desk the following morning with, in one place, what looked like a welter of cor-

rections. Sure enough, they appeared alongside my reference to Healey: the word 'unsung' had been deleted and the word 'hero' heavily circled. In the margin was written: 'This must be a misprint for 'self-sung' or 'well-shod' or 'unsocialist'. It says, I hope, something about the NEW STATESMAN as a 'broad church' – vide Christopher Hitchens's article this week – that the review eventually appeared exactly as I had written it.

□ Although Michael Foot and Roy Jenkins have already run against each other twice in the PLP – Jenkins winning the deputy leadership on each occasion (though on the last only by a margin of 14 votes) – the personal relationship between them has always been cordial enough. One reason could be that they are today the two outstanding men-of-letters within the PLP. Jenkins has more books to his credit than Foot (ten by my last count, including *Asquith* and *Mr Balfour's Poodle*) but Foot's are probably the more solid works (in particular his two-volume biography of Bevan and his study of Swift, *The Pen and the Sword*). They each, therefore, share a claim to the anti-Philistine vote. Which prompts the thought that it would be a strange and perhaps rather refreshing thing if the leadership of the Labour Party were finally to be decided on the basis of Disraeli's 'We authors, Ma'am'.

□ There was, I thought, something especially apposite about Harold Wilson giving his farewell dinner for his cabinet on the same night that he hosted a reception for the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. There has never been anything particularly high-brow about him. In fact I remember once asking him who he thought was England's greatest actress and getting the answer 'Margaret Rutherford'. His literary interests, too, are lodged firmly in the domain of those long, boring books about 'trouble at t'mill' and equally ponderous works about the American civil war: Bruce Catton, a rather purple chronicler of the period, has always been a particular favourite of his. But his general attitude to literature can be summed up by the contemptuous way in which on TV last week he dismissed a predecessor of his (Home? Macmillan?) who had found time while Prime Minister to 'sit in the garden reading novels during the afternoon'. I suppose by then he felt that he could afford to 'blow' the literary editors' vote – which, judging by the reaction in our own office, he probably did. I'm not sure, though, that the cultural standard of Downing Street will improve much if/when Jim Callaghan finally arrives. True, he's touchingly proud of the book he wrote about Ulster after the 1970 election – but anyone who heard him a month or two back speaking with, I suspect, a genuine modesty at Maurice Edelman's memorial service will have realised that literature is a closed (though awe-inspiring) world to our Jim.

□ Incidentally, still on Jim, what an extraordinary bun fight he gave – also on Monday night – for Mr Gromyko. I've rarely seen a guest list the length of the one that appeared in *The Times* on Tuesday morning. There was one other interesting thing about

it. Normally these lists always end with what might be called the *fonctionnaires* – in the case of Number 10 over the past two years the Haineses, the Donoughues, the Albert Murrays, *et al.* This one, though, didn't. True, the Foreign Secretary's own personal retinue was there – all those Scotsmen with names beginning with McC (no doubt already planning to move across the road to Number 10). But, revealingly, their names didn't conclude the list. After them followed half a paragraph of others – featuring journalists, editors and even a CIA agent. Almost suggesting that Jim, like the giver of the feast in the Bible, must at the last moment have gone out into the highways and hedges. Now why on earth should he suddenly have felt the need to do that?

□ Everyone by now must be pretty bored with the various straw polls of the 315 voting-members of the PLP – though, no doubt, we shall have to endure more of them in the coming week. One point about them intrigues me. Consistently TV seems to be able to get in touch with more MPs than newspapers: *Weekend World*, with its slender resources, was able, for instance, to talk to 20 more MPs even than the mighty *Sunday Times*. Perhaps the time has come to let our hard-pressed legislators into a slightly shaming secret. When the phone rings and a soothing TV researcher's voice says, 'Oh, Mr So-and-So, we were thinking of doing a programme and before deciding whom to put on we just wanted to make sure that we'd got your own position exactly right', it's not, alas, an invitation to appear but, quite simply, a con trick. More votes, I suspect, have been coughed up that way this past week than MPs themselves will ever care to admit.

Crucifer

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

□ Ringmer resident Jim Callaghan is the man most likely to take over from Harold Wilson as Prime Minister, in the opinion of his neighbours. Mrs Audrey Baldwin, owner of a nearby farm and garden produce business, said: 'I'd be very happy to see him as Prime Minister. Actually I vote Conservative and I'd like to see him as our party leader.' – *Sussex Express & County Herald* (M. H. Macalpine)

□ Mr Alex Doswell, the secretary of Liverpool Trades Council, heard the news on his car radio while on his way to Gladstone Dock, where he works. 'It was such a shock,' he said. 'When I got to the docks, the lads were dismayed. It was the same reaction as when Bill Shankley retired.' – *Guardian* (M. W. Adler)

□ The blocks are built on the staircase principle, grouping a dozen study bedrooms, with their own front door, round communal washrooms and kitchens. In some cases, of course, the student groups fail to jell, but, frequently, there is a strong sense of intimacy and some groups rent or buy a communal television – *Times Higher Educational Supplement* (Malcolm Ramsay)

C. H. Rolph

For Whom the Bell Tolls

I have never been in favour of inciting people to break the law, though I've done a certain amount of looking the other way when they did. Looking the other way, when done deliberately, can express one of three states of mind. These are laziness, not wanting to know, and furtive sympathy with the wrongdoer. Among the wrongdoers who evoke in me a sympathy bordering on complicity and even incitement are the enraged and sleepless householders who kick burglar alarm bells off walls. Two such men have recently been before the courts on charges of criminal damage.

Mr Denis Kelly occupies a bedsitter above the Just Looking Shop in the King's Road, Chelsea, on whose exterior wall there is (or was) a burglar alarm bell. It began ringing at two o'clock one morning and rang until, unable to stand it any more, he climbed out of the window and kicked it off the wall. In due course he was prosecuted for doing this, since there are other, lawful and more decorous ways of attacking the burglar alarm nuisance. And these other ways, though they happen to be fairly useless, enable magistrates to tell kickers that they must not 'take the law into their own hands'. This was what Mr Kelly was told by the magistrate at Horseferry Road magistrates' court, who observed nevertheless that the ringing 'must have been maddening', gave him a conditional discharge, and refused to order that he should pay £60 compensation to the burglar alarm company. I rejoice with Mr Kelly, who is awarded the Rolph Medal for Meritorious Crime.

Now, a conditional discharge means that the magistrate finds the charge proved, doesn't want to impose any punishment, thinks that a probation order is not appropriate, and wants to let the man go on condition that he promises to abstain during (say) the next three years from kicking burglar alarms off walls; and indeed from anything else that could be seen as taking the law into his own hands, and get him into trouble. The interesting thing about the Just Looking Shop's burglar alarm is that last July another man got out of his window, kicked the same bell or, more probably, a similar predecessor, off the wall, and was conditionally discharged in the same way. In December Mr John Beer, who has three children and lives on the Bourne Estate in Holborn, listened unwillingly to a burglar alarm just below his flat which rang from 11 a.m. on a Saturday until 3.30 on the Sunday afternoon, when at last he silenced it with a pick handle. He too was summoned for criminal damage, getting a conditional discharge and, in due course, the Rolph medal. This bell had made thought and sleep impossible for similar periods, usually at weekends, during the previous six months. Four times Mr Beer had complained to the shop owners and to the police, with no result. He told the magistrate that he was taking proceedings against the shop

for causing a public nuisance, and that with other residents he was getting up a petition.

The country cottage nearest to mine (it's untenanted for long periods, though furnished) has a burglar alarm bell on its wall, and I have a pick handle in my shed. We are miles from the most rural of policemen. So far it has rung only twice (of course without meaning anything); but once when I telephoned the makers to tell them about the din, I was told to get in touch with the absentee householder. It led to one of my more lurid lapses and about two hours later a small motor van came.

Now why do we all put up with these things? It is not as if they were new and anyone could feel that, like Concorde, they should be given a trial. In central London at least they were rending the air more than 70 years ago. In September 1903 the London County Council made a 'Good Rule and Government' by-law controlling the ringing of alarm bells, without mentioning burglars

Roger Woddis

Monty's Farewell

(After Kipling's The Roman Centurion's Song)

I served the Army fifty years,
I strove for Hitler's fall;
I had no other goal than this,
Nor any life at all.
I hunted down my country's foes
And met them face to face,
Until the final signal came
That called me back to base.

There where men say my name was made,
There where my work was done;
There where the dearest dead are laid
Beneath the desert sun;
There where the Rats at my command
Declared a solemn vow,
Will always be my only home:
Ah, how can I go now?

Cold showers and faith and village greens
Provide the perfect mix:
El Alamein was just a match,
With Rommel knocked for six.
The team I led are gathered yet
Around me in my jeep,
And I shall wear my beret still,
Wherever I may sleep.

My caravan is empty now,
My baton put away;
I served the Army fifty years,
And wish that I could stay.
There was my heart, my soul, my mind,
And war a damn good show.
I cannot leave it all behind –
Command me not to go!

but clearly having them in mind. It provides a £5 penalty on the occupier, tenant or lessee of the building, but it exempts fire-bells and it allows for a ten-minute unpunishable din if the building is inside the City area, and a five-minute one elsewhere within what was then the County of London boundary (the pre-GLC one). The police attitude was, and is, that no action will be taken unless they get a complaint of annoyance from someone who is willing to go to court and give evidence. In that event they will send for the keyholder (if they know who he is) and get the alarm reset, or at any rate the bell turned off. Only if no one comes will the occupier be prosecuted under the by-law.

No one knows the scale of this appalling infliction on the non-burgling public. There are several different burglar alarm makes, and no one goes round counting them. In the London Metropolitan Police district, Marylebone Lane Division alone has nearly 1,000 of them, and they ring more than 5,000 times a year; 99 per cent of the calls being caused by defect or accident. The City of London at one time had over 7,000, and it sometimes seemed as if they were all going off at once. It was generally understood that the insurance companies insisted on them, but there were far too many of them mechanically crying 'wolf' to get any real attention. I couldn't count the times when, as a police sergeant, I have myself stuffed a wad of newspaper under a bell-clapper or even (accidentally) nipped a wire – preparing for subsequent use all kinds of exculpatory lies which, as it turned out, I was never called upon to employ.

A period of five or 10 minutes is seldom long enough to enable the bell to be traced and the keyholder to be called. So since 1 January this year the borough of Islington has had its own by-law, allowing a maximum ringing period of 20 minutes 'either as a continuous period or as an aggregate in the course of two hours'. This conforms with the thinking of the Department of the Environment, which now recommends that alarm bells should switch off automatically after 20 minutes.

Of course the Control of Pollution Act 1974 deals with noise, superseding in this respect the Noise Abatement Act of 1960, necessitating only one complainant in a magistrates' court, and upping the fine (for breach of a 'noise abatement order') to £200 and £50 a day while the nuisance goes on. It seems not yet to have been used against burglar alarm bells; and it may well turn out, when someone does try it, that its built-in defence about 'the best practicable means having been used for preventing or counter-acting the effect of the noise' will be hard to overcome. However, the general reluctance of complainants to go to court and give evidence (which ought to surprise no one) has been too readily invoked as a reason for not using any one of these provisions. There is no need for them to go to court: section 9 of the Criminal Justice Act 1967 allows their evidence to be tendered in the form of written statements.

It's time for a determined crusade against burglar alarm bells although, regrettably, it will mean adding a bit to the existing law instead of more happily repealing something. There are several alternatives. One is to require that every building with a burglar

alarm shall have someone on the premises at night and at weekends, preferably someone who wants to sleep o' nights and not a security man who has been in bed all day. Another, much less practicable but very attractive, is to require that a duplicate bell shall ring simultaneously in the boss's bedroom at home, with penalties for putting it out of action. Another is that every burglar alarm shall silently notify a police switchboard: there are plenty of these on the market, and I don't know how many more the police could accommodate and service; but if the police were unable to cope, here would be a strong case for a statutory involvement of the security companies, already operating busy alarm switchboards of their own and more likely to expand the service than the police, at the moment, could possibly be.

But, first, all sufferers must unite, preferably addressing themselves to that admirable body the Noise Abatement Society (6 Old Bond Street W1) which now has much experience in these matters. However, to judge from a book published by that society in 1969, *The Law on Noise*, a useful compendium of 'current statute law, by-laws, common law and major legal decisions on Noise Nuisance, all gathered together for the first time' (with a foreword by Mr Justice Cusack) 'in one easy-to-read, clearly indexed book of reference', it was not at that time interested in burglar alarm bells. They don't get a mention throughout the book, though it deals with every other mechanical noise devised by man. The Noise Abatement Society must be aroused to the burglar alarm. Insomniacs of Britain, unite. You have nothing to lose but your pills.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

The Man of Letters

Modern life is chock-a-block with bafflements and goings-on that puzzle one deeply, among them the idiocy, to call it nothing hotter or crosser, of holding official dinners at a time when we are all, as usual, economically at panic stations. These functions take place no matter which party or leader is at the helm. On the occasion of which I write it was Mr Wilson and I note that on 15 March, the evening before he announced he was off, the Prime Minister's generous instincts prompted him to 'give' a dinner (misprinted in the *Daily Telegraph*, current holders of the coveted and hotly contested misprint chalice, as 'a diner') for the Royal Statistical Society, whoever they may be. Now, why?

You'll want to know who were bidden to the feast. Just the one lady, a Miss Stella Cunliffe, two knights, ten professors, two doctors and six plain, in the sense of unadorned, misters. What in heaven's name did they chatter about? 'How are your statistics?' What, if anything, was achieved?

And there is another misprint. The word 'give'. Are we really to suppose that the Wilsons kindly stumped up? Did Giles chip in? I doubt it, and why should he? Who, then, paid? Why, dear old you and I, of course. Will we ever get thanked? No we will not. I am not, I do hope, stingy by nature but I really do not see why I should be called upon to cram Miss Cunliffe with assorted rich goodies, for one can hardly imagine that, in these austere times, it was in any way an austere repast. With me here at 'Myrtlebank' it was a 'make-do' evening – home-made kipper mousse, cheese, and the last of the rhubarb tart, jollied along with the top of the milk. And very nice too.

Now another bafflement, but also, in compensation, the revelation of a really dazzling British talent. I refer to the Post Office and to its genial head, Sir William Ryland. He has been 42 years in the GPO, clearly knows

it inside out, and was therefore ideally placed to do a wholehearted job of disintegration and destruction, turning it from the highly efficient and reasonably priced service of a very few years ago into a nightmare world of completely unreliable and expensive methods of communication, whole sections of which are, for those with modest means, becoming increasingly out of reach.

Take telegrams, those delightfully dramatic yellow envelopes that used to be going cheap at 1s for nine words and were read while colour drained from faces and agitated hands plucked at bosoms and which brought urgent tidings either gay or grave ('Have definite proof Herbert already married Bombay'). And what is more, the deliverer politely waited for an answer, if any. Nowadays, the mere *idea* of sending a telegram costs you 70p. Serve you right for impertinence. No words, mind, just a punishment for thinking of the thing. After that, it's 7p a word. Herbert's misdemeanour would therefore, with the address, work out at about £1.54. And, suitably enough in a Christian country, on Good Friday, Christmas Day and Sundays it's another 45p on top of that for cheek (Herbert now uprated to £2.00).

Take parcels. The Post Office issues 'a complete guide to the parcels service', printed (and at what cost?) in eight cheery colours and featuring cheery postmen, dentures gleaming, lovingly handling extremely costly parcels the size of TV sets, or cheerily driving special collection vans, only of use to you if 'you're regularly dispatching at least 10 parcels every day', which one isn't. Want to know how to *do up* parcels, after all these years? Ask then for another cheerily coloured brochure entitled *Wrap Up Well* (you can't send fish or rabbits by letter post but leeches and silkworms are entirely welcome). On average

75 per cent, they proudly claim, of all parcels are delivered 'within two days'. But 50 years ago, with many fewer facilities and much slower road transport over worse surfaces, all parcels arrived next day. There is no argument about this. It is a fact. I now send no parcels at all, and receive few. Cheery postmen hardly know where 'Myrtlebank' is.

I live, happily, in a small Devon village (Pop. 800). The village is saddled with over 30 *different* postal codes, not that this greatly matters as the postal code is at the moment lying doggo: I understand that in the whole country no single postal code machine is working. There are, surprise, surprise, internal squabbles going on about whether they should ever be used at all. Save, therefore, your ink and your temper. I am also told that the machines are very heavy, and wildly expensive, objects and that the first one to be tried out was assembled on a first floor. Section after section was devotedly clipped together until every giant component was in position, and those responsible stood back, breathless with admiration. Upon which the entire contraption shuddered, fell, with a deafening splintering sound, through the floor, and then through the ground floor, and landed in the basement in total smithereens.

By what legal right, may I ask, does Sir William use my letters for advertising purposes, so that they reach me bearing a peremptory instruction saying VISIT CHESINGTON ZOO? When they tire of that, they tell me to COLLECT STAMPS. What on earth is the meaning, in the top right-hand corner of postcards, of a small box containing the likeness of a sealed envelope and the words POST OFFICE PREFERRED? Can they wish me to put the postcard into an envelope? Shan't.

There is really no end to our irritations and to their shoddy and irresponsible behaviour. Which hard hearts turned down the OAPs' request for a fortnight of cheap Christmas card postage, and which ninnies then recruited extra staff to cope with extra Christmas mail that, of course, never arrived? If there isn't an adequate volume of 8½p letters to go through in one day, do they hurry up the 6½p? No they do not. The 6½p is specially sorted out in order to be specially delayed. Does this make sense? Not to me it doesn't. Meanwhile we are threatened with fewer collections and deliveries, while the joyous plans for a new, £13m. London HQ go merrily forward (gala opening dinner, I dare say). Telephone conversations now consist, if they really exist at all, of 'Hallo' and 'Good-bye'. Then there was the really outstanding lunacy of a High Speed postal service from East Brighton to West Brighton. Did they really envisage cheery postmen flashing to and fro with cheery parcels at two smackers a go?

Now, listen. It's not the faintest use any niggling PO employee of Sir William writing me a huffy, finicky letter about this or that detail. The overall picture that I give is a true one, as we the users know only too well. One has completely lost confidence in the service. If Sir William ever has a moment of spare time, he might care to wander into Westminster Abbey. There he will find Sir Rowland Hill. Wander and ponder. Well, we might as well try everything.

Letters to the Editor

The Plight of the Left

Sir, As a reader of the NS, under five editors, and a contributor under the last three, may I register my anger and dismay at last week's leading article, and the polemic against the Left by your last editor but two, Paul Johnson?

According to Johnson, the Left today are in a pitiful state, unlike the Left of the 1950s, who had 'a coherent economic philosophy and a carefully worked-out alternative programme', so that the deaths of Bevan and then Gaitskell found them with 'a designated leader, an agreed programme and a first-class organisation'. How odd, then, that this Left never after all came to power in the party. And whatever happened to 'the dozen first-class political brains' waiting in the wings to lead them there?

I only wish the picture had been true. If it were, no one would have more reason to remind us of it than Bevan's lieutenant and biographer. Yet there is no support for this myth in Michael Foot's *Aneurin Bevan*. And I remember, even as late as January 1960, when Nye was gravely ill of the disease which killed him only six months later, interviewing Michael Foot on this subject. As a friend and a supporter, as well as a political correspondent, I desperately wanted to give some hope to the Left in their struggle. But Michael told me, and I printed his characteristic phrase: 'We are not even within stabbing distance of Gaitskell's back.' Surely we must have an alternative candidate – wasn't there anyone who could replace him? Yes, said Michael, even more characteristically, 'anyone'. It was a witty reply but it meant 'no one'. Canvassing some of the 'first-class political brains', the nearest I got to a Left champion was Fred Lee.

But Johnson's article is little more than a replay of his favourite golden oldie, the theme song of all political dilettantes – There Were Giants in the Land in Those Days. Like almost everything he writes for you, it contains the seeds of its own refutation. He seems unable to cure himself of the curious habit of displaying all the faults he is supposed to be denouncing. Consider his complaint that the Left have produced 'a volume of orchestrated abuse rarely heard this side of the Iron Curtain, terms like 'political thugs' and 'bullyboys' and even 'taproom brawler'. This latter, he jokes, 'a weird Dickensian archaism beloved of *Pravda* hacks ... for it must be years since even the oldest *Tribuneite* got a chance to visit a taproom to watch the brawling'.

And immediately after condemning 'this hyper-inflation of language', he brands 'the know-nothing Left' as 'ranting impostors ... scurrying to conform at the first sniff of the whip's leather', extending the canine metaphor to picture them as 'a pack of curs, snarling and whining their impotent rage as they are flogged back into obedience'. It is tempting to use his own device and wonder how many years it is since this middle-aged NEWSTATSMANITE rode to hounds, lashing out at the four-legged lower orders. What sort of party does he want where the leadership, whether Left or Right, glory in facing their dissident comrades with the choice between 'abject servility ... or political extinction'?

These Worsthorntian peregrinations in search of a martyr's niche in Harold Wilson's 'broad church' would hardly be worth noticing, if they did not appear in the same issue as your leading article rather pathetically telling us that you would be 'very happy' to see Michael Foot as party leader except that he is unlikely to gain the 'broad-based support' of James Callaghan.

Perhaps the Left should be grateful you're not in Michael Foot's corner. Who needs seconds who throw in the towel before the first round is over, and back the other fellow to win? It's getting to be a NEW STATESMAN habit – not putting your money where your mouth is. Maybe the time is coming when you should give up the pretence of being a paper which speaks for any conceivable section of the Labour Party and settle down to becoming a highbrow, early edition of the *Weekly Telegraph*. (Your endorsement, to my knowledge, has already prised away two of Callaghan's votes in the PLP.) Clearly *Pravda* has no private monopoly in 'mechanised verbal ferocity'.

ALAN BRIEN

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Sir, What does Paul Johnson (NS 19 March) actually believe in? If you are elected to power on a specific manifesto and duly proceed to discount its validity why should the few, those happy few, who stood up not to be counted, be so vilified? There are many of us who are not tied by dogma but limited by truth – and a large number of us worked hard on the streets at election time politicking in the hope of convincing the people of the truths of socialism. I fear our ranks will be greatly thinned next time round if such 'successfully emasculated' socialist government is seen to continue its downward trend.

PETER PORTEOUS

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Sir, Paul Johnson is in no position to be snide about the 'Tribuneite' MPs' failure to visit 'taprooms to watch the brawling'.

When did he last visit a taproom patronised by 'the workers'? I can assure him, as a North Country taproom regular, that the 'Tribuneites' are right – they are trying to save this Government from itself – for should Wilson's successor try the hustings the result will be far more devastating than 1970.

BERT ELLICOTT

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Cheshire

Scotland for Aye

Sir, Mr Lawson (Letters 19 March) no longer has to worry about being re-elected to the House of Commons – John Mackintosh still does. This may be one of several reasons why they do not see devolution in the same light. Another is that George Lawson was very much a constituency man, without any real knowledge or vision of Scotland as a whole. John Mackintosh understands this country better, and realises that it is in fact a country and feels itself to be such.

The anti-devolutionary stand of Labour's Scottish Executive was taken by an unconvincing majority: 11 to 6 with 11 abstentions, so far as I can recall; these 11 'Unionists' being people with the same sort of petty provincial background as Mr Lawson, and quite unmemorable as individuals. Harold Wilson had

To enable us to publish as wide a selection as possible of readers' views, correspondents are asked to keep their letters brief, preferably not exceeding 200 words. The Editor reserves the right to shorten letters.

the sense to see that, if the party went into a general election tied to their line, a lot of activists would not activate and a lot of voters would not vote, and he told them to think again. Events proved him right – on the Scottish Executive's policy, Labour would certainly have lost West Stirlingshire and Lanark to the SNP, probably also East Kilbride, possibly West Lothian and Stirling Burghs. It would therefore have had no clear majority at Westminster, and would incidentally have polled something under a million votes in Scotland instead of a few hundred over, with every seat held and one regained – by Professor Mackintosh as it happens.

It may be that the Labour Party in Scotland was predominantly opposed to devolution in 1974 but this is difficult to establish because of the card vote, which enables a relatively small number of people, if they belong to the right union and attend enough meetings, to have a disproportionately large say in its affairs. What is certain is that a majority of the electorate wanted some sort of a Scottish legislature, whatever its name and specific powers, and this majority was too large and too consistent to be resisted over a period of time. If Mr Lawson could not see this, he did well to retire in favour of Dr Bray – an Englishman but at least a reasonably intelligent one. There are constituencies that would elect a chimpanzee if he wore a red rosette, but not many that would vote for a dinosaur.

It is not enough to make promises, however; one must also keep them. Until the Assembly has been elected there will be considerable room for doubts as to whether Labour are serious about devolution.

ANTHONY J. C. KERR

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Solzhenitsyn's Old Song

Sir, Solzhenitsyn's biography and literary reception are as putty in the hands of Mervyn Jones (NS 12 March). His scenario has Solzhenitsyn 'gradually' moving away from Shulubin's 'ethical socialism' (*Cancer Ward*) towards the vehement anti-socialism of *The Gulag Archipelago*. If Mr Jones had looked up his dates he would have had to reshape his article. *Cancer Ward* was completed in 1966. The period of its composition falls entirely within the ten years which Solzhenitsyn spent preparing for and writing *Gulag*. In fact, *Gulag* itself was finished in 1968, only two years after *Cancer Ward*. It follows that if Shulubin is Solzhenitsyn's mouthpiece (which he isn't) then Solzhenitsyn must have left the socialist camp with all the gradualness of a Cruise missile.

Mr Jones manages *en passant* to turn Shulubin into a 'labour camp veteran', which suggests that he has entirely misread the episode. On the other hand, the tradition of kidnapping and overworking poor Shulubin is an established one and is not even exclusive to the political Left. When commenting on its persistence Solzhenitsyn himself seemed more bemused than aggrieved. The fact, palatable or not, is that Solzhenitsyn's rejection of socialism precedes all those works which Mr Jones so admires.

Mr Jones errs once again in the reason he gives for wishing to moderate his eulogy of Solzhenitsyn the writer: such a eulogy has 'become so conventional ... now that he is a conservative'. Now quite apart from the fact that Solzhenitsyn has long been a 'conservative', the earliest eulogies on him, both the sane and the silly, tended to come from the Right. The Left was generally rather slower off the mark back in the 1960s. After all, it had first to go sieving for Shulubins.

MICHAEL NICHOLSON

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Words and Meanings

Sir, In 'Words and Meanings' (NS 12 March) Kingsley Amis gives the following as an example of the correct use of the word 'refute': 'Mr Ian Gilmour, Shadow Defence spokesman, said that the most significant feature of Soviet protests was their failure to refute any of Mrs Thatcher's facts.' That passage contained a misuse of the word 'fact'. A fact is something which is the case. One cannot, by argument or evidence, 'disprove' or 'show to be false' something which is the case. But of course statements purporting to express facts may be shown to be false and *claims* as to what certain facts are may be disproved.

The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* is muddled on this. A fact, it says, is a 'thing certainly known to have occurred or be true'; a line or two later it cites the use 'his facts are disputable'. This would make it okay to say: 'Some things *certainly known* to have occurred or be true are *disputable*.' So the Russians may have failed to refute Mrs Thatcher's *claims* but they cannot either fail or succeed in refuting her *facts*, much as they, and everyone, cannot prove or disprove her commands or show her questions to be false or true.

An example which Mr Amis gives as an incorrect use of 'refute' is, I believe, a correct one: 'Mr Wilson today *refuted claims* that the Government's figures . . .'. There we have a correct pairing of 'refute' and 'claims'. That the details of the refutation were not given may have disappointed Mr Amis, but it's not relevant to the correctness or incorrectness of the words used: if I tell you that Sir Karl Popper has refuted historicisms but am too bored or too busy to go on to tell you the premises of his argument, this doesn't mean that I haven't used the words properly. And of course, it might turn out that the statement asserting that Mr Wilson refuted those claims is false, but again, this does not in itself make the use of the words an incorrect one.

I am all for making illiteracy unfashionable and would like to mention just two other disgracefully abused words: 'valid' and 'viable'.

DIANÉ COLLINSON

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Sir, Kingsley Amis (NS 12 March) quotes the following as a proper use of the word 'refute': ' . . . the most significant feature of Soviet protests was their failure to refute Mrs Thatcher's facts.'

Well, blow me down! Please allow me space to refute Amis's opinion by stating the following facts: you can refute an opinion; you can refute an argument; you can refute an accusation; you cannot refute a fact.

LARRY DRAKE

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Gaitskellite, Not Nixonite

Sir, The mails being what they are these days, I have only just seen the 23 January issue of the NEW STATESMAN, which has an article by Alexander Cockburn, 'America's Ideological Right'. Mr Cockburn practises the kind of journalism – a reflection of his upbringing, no doubt – which can be called smear by amalgam. In his article, Mr Cockburn begins with 'the most disliked American representative at the United Nations in its history Daniel P. Moynihan' (emphasis added), and goes on to trace the influence of Mr Moynihan 'and his intellectual henchmen' (the Hollywood touch), through *Commentary* and *The Public Interest*, i.e. 'the Kristol gang'. Kristol, Mr Cockburn writes, is 'one of those intellectuals – like Moynihan – seen trudging the corridors of the Nixon White House. Among the others are Daniel Bell . . .

Sidney Hook, Nathan Glazer and persons familiar to anyone reading *Encounter*.'

Mr Cockburn then notes the widening influence of this 'gang' through the pages of the *Wall Street Journal*, where its editor, Robert Bartley, 'aided by . . . Kristol', provides ideology congenial to conservative Republicans, 'the likes of Secretary of State Kissinger', and acclaims Moynihan, 'Treasury Secretary William Simon and latterly – with much enthusiasm – Ronald Reagan'. With a characteristic flourish Mr Cockburn declares: 'The end result has been a triumphant alliance . . . which a colleague and I have recently dubbed "the Right-Centre Establishment" or the "military-intellectual complex".'

When Mr Cockburn and his colleague Jack Newfield first published this concoction in the *Village Voice*, complete with long lists of who is 'in' and who is 'out' (including George Meany as a 'theoretician' of the new Right), it was laughed at as a crude joke, a maladroitness imitation of the trendy cultural maps with which *Esquire* magazine used to instruct the semi-skilled intellectuals as to who was 'with it'. Now Mr Cockburn, writing for an English audience, stitches it together in a more insidious way, to give it the look of political analysis. Let me say, for myself, that I have never 'trod the Nixon White House', that I am a Democrat who voted for McGovern in 1972 and had been a member of the Democratic Party Advisory Council, that Nathan Glazer and I wrote a stinging attack on Nixon in the *New Leader* after the Christmas bombing of Vietnam, that I have never worked on a military project, received any sort of research grant from the military, or had anything to do with the military at any time in my life. In English terms, I have always been a 'Gaitskellite' and remain so today.

Mr Cockburn's journalism – when practised by the Right it is accurately called 'McCarthyism' – is destructive of rational debate about the discrimination of ideas. He is more interested, as he smugly puts it, in 'dubbing' ideas – which is, indeed, the mark of the ideological hatchetman that he is.

DANIEL BELL

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Overseas Students' Fees

Sir, I notice in the article written by Peter Wilby, 'What Price Foreign Students?' (NS 27 February), the statement: 'Bradford, the lone survivor of the 1967 revolt, is on the point of falling into line on discriminatory fees.' How could Mr Wilby be privy to what Bradford University is on the point of doing? This statement is without foundation.

The question of overseas students' fees has from the beginning been reviewed annually by the Council of the University in the light of its financial situation and will be considered as usual this year when this information is available.

E. G. EDWARDS

Vice-Chancellor and Principal
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Miracle Cures

Sir, Even those of us who are not doctors do not need Donald Gould (NS 19 March) to remind us that many diseases are self-limiting, that some are neurotic and that patients sometimes recover for unexplained reasons from illnesses apparently terminal. We are familiar with these facts. But I would ask any unprejudiced person whether any of them is a likely explanation of the dramatic suddenness which appears to have characterised the Fagan cure? Indeed, it is something of an insult to the

Glasgow medical profession, usually regarded as a learned and distinguished body of men, to imply that they had not these possibilities in mind when they said simply and honestly that they had no natural explanation to offer.

The older I get the more it both amuses and saddens me to observe the desperate faith, not to say credulity, with which materialists will, in the face of any evidence, cling to their dogma that miracles cannot happen. But the reason is not far to seek. Whereas the faith of the believer, which rests upon much broader ground, is only marginally strengthened by any new miracle, even *one* ascertained miracle is enough to wreck the negative faith of the sceptic. Hence the panic with which he seeks a refuge from what most people would consider fairly convincing evidence.

THOMAS M. PARKER

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Doodlebugs

Sir, I have been commissioned to write a book, *The Doodlebugs*, about the V-1 (flying-bomb) and V-2 (rocket) attacks on this country during 1944-5. Like my previous books about the war, it will be based largely upon the reminiscences of ordinary people, sent to me as a result of appeals to the press, and I should therefore be most grateful if any of your readers who have memories of that exciting time would get in touch with me. I do *not* at this stage want their full story, only their name and address, when I will send them full particulars and a note to help jog their memories. The names of all contributors, unless they ask otherwise, will be acknowledged in the book.

NORMAN LONGMATE

c/o Hutchinsons Ltd
3 Fitzroy Square
London W1

Encounter

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International Herald Tribune (6.2.76)

The April issue, for instance, just published, contains the following outstanding contributions: An important interview with Solzhenitsyn in Zurich. *Daniel*, a short story by A. S. Byatt. Samuel Brittan asking *Can Democracy Cope?* A hitherto unpublished letter by Thomas Mann on a visit to a séance in Munich. John Weightman on *The Ik*. *Hegel's Last Secrets* by Ernest Gellner. Poems by Roy Fuller, Peter Porter and others. And a special book section on Philosophy & Psychology, including Maurice Cranston on Bertrand Russell.

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BOOKS & ARTS

Alan Tyson

Vilification and Its Discontents

Freud and His Followers by PAUL ROAZEN
Allen Lane £10.00

The last 25 years have seen a steady stream of books bearing directly on Freud's life and to only a slightly lesser extent on his works. It shows little sign of drying up. The first substantial group of his letters to become available was in *The Origins of Psycho-Analysis* (1954: the German edition had appeared four years earlier). This contained the remarkable correspondence between Freud and Wilhelm Fliess, as well as a whole number of early theoretical formulations by Freud in draft form; thus it not merely exposed some of the intellectual antecedents of *The Interpretation of Dreams* and other central Freudian writings, but was the record of a strange and complex relationship. Next came the massive official biography by Ernest Jones (1953-57); its three volumes contained a vast amount of previously inaccessible information, besides offering a magisterial interpretation of Freud's life and including selections from a great number of unpublished letters.

Soon after this a general selection of Freud's letters appeared, to be followed by collections of his correspondence, not all of very much interest, with colleagues or friends such as Karl Abraham, Oscar Pfister, Lou Andreas-Salomé and Arnold Zweig; the much-heralded exchange with Jung appeared a couple of years ago. All these publications were sanctioned by, or published in collaboration with, members of the Freud family – as were the 24 volumes of the *Standard Edition*, edited by James Strachey, the major piece of scholarship devoted to the text of Freud's complete psychological writings.

A curious situation was thus created. On the one hand, anyone interested in the historical development of Freud's theories, or in the origins and growth of the psychoanalytic movement, could scarcely complain of any lack of published material with which to come to grips. But the knowledge that that material was (in more than one sense) partial was dispiriting to open-minded inquirers. Moreover, it gradually became clearer that Jones had interpreted his mandate to write an 'official' life all too conscientiously; in several areas his account had been unnecessarily bland, since he had not merely avoided but concealed controversial matters.

With the growing awareness that the texts of the letter collections had been censored there grew up something of a scholarly industry in spotting the gaps and detecting the omissions. This had its amusing side. Letters cited in full by Jones appeared in expurgated form in the letter collections – or vice versa. As with any censorship of literary texts, one result of the ensuing

comparisons was to throw a lurid light on the passages that had been tampered with.

Another result was to put diligent inquirers on their mettle and to set them in search of sources that were still uncontaminated. In the autumn of 1964 Paul Roazen set out to meet and interview as many of Freud's patients and pupils as he could find. By 1967 he had managed to interview over 70 people who had known Freud personally, including 25 of his patients; another 40 had participated in the early psychoanalytic movement or were professionally interested in the history of psychoanalysis. It was a dwindling population. Many of those whom Roazen traced were already very old when he consulted them, and of the 110 people interviewed more than 43 of them had died by the time his book went to press. His interviewing technique is described at length in a somewhat unctuous introduction, to which I shall return; the interviews themselves give every impression of having been conducted in an informed, systematic and thorough manner. Indeed, reading between the lines of Roazen's account, it is clear that they were productive enough to have left a number of elderly people uncomfortable at what they had been encouraged to give away.

Roazen also had what it is only too easy to call a stroke of luck; at all events it was the kind of good fortune that tends to come the way of very persistent researchers. In 1965 he gained access to Ernest Jones's posthumous papers, apparently deposited at the Institute of Psycho-Analysis in London and not protected by any embargo on their use. As the official biographer Jones had in the Fifties been in touch with virtually all the surviving figures of Freud's world: first and foremost the members of the Freud family, who furnished a wealth of information and over 2,500 early letters, and after them a vast number of Freud's colleagues, disciples, patients, enemies, and their families and descendants. These replied to Jones or volunteered information very freely and in confidence, in many cases indicating what he could publish and what must remain hidden. To anyone in search of the secrets of Freud and his followers, therefore, the Jones Archives are treasure trove. Roazen has felt able to draw freely on this material, which is interesting both for itself and for the use that Jones made of it in his biography. For where there is evidence of suppression, this tends to backfire on the suppressor, calling his motives into question.

The motives of a good many people have certainly been called into question by the time one reaches the end of Roazen's book. So – with so many charges of insincerity flying about – I had better make it absolutely clear that I found many of the 526 pages

(and 70 pages of notes) entertaining and on occasion absorbing. Others, however – or even the same ones – struck me as irritating, unbalanced or silly. For it is certainly not a book that stands on its own; at best it must be read (though I doubt if it will be read) as a supplement, or perhaps as a necessary corrective, to Jones. Any work that is constructed on what is not in the official biography is bound to be one-sided.

Roazen is very well informed on the extensive literature about Freud and his followers, and has combed Freud's writings thoroughly for biographical allusions and hints. Others had already done that; but he has supplemented these published sources by the material gathered from his interviews and from the Jones Archives, and provides massive documentation for his text. The book is loosely structured, without any continuous narrative of Freud's life; this enables him to focus on the major figures in turn. Some of these are portrayed much more in the round than in Jones's biography: Anna Freud, for instance, sketched here in the guise of Daughter of the Regiment, and Jones himself, who is by the way shown in a very unflattering light.

'What was Freud really like?' This, according to Roazen, was the central question that he set out to answer when he began to interview the patients and pupils who were still alive. But in all his accounts of friendships, loyalties, submissions, dissensions, the thing that tends to get squeezed out is – psychoanalysis. Any attempt to discover what Freud was like must surely come to terms with the way in which his work was his life, and became to a greater or lesser extent the life of those who joined him. This seems to be something on which Freud's pupils might have shed some light, if Roazen had pursued it in interviews; but to judge from the précis of an interview with a female ex-patient included in his introduction, his own interests lay elsewhere ('How much did she pay him?' 'Did she ever see any signs of neurosis in him?' 'Did his Jewishness strike her?').

If those who are theoreticians rather than patients were questioned very differently, the results are not apparent. The largely peripheral part played by Freud's theories in the book is a great weakness. It trivialises the tensions among the early analysts, since it reduces their disputes to a kind of acting out. Freud would scarcely have been so concerned with the priority, and the integrity, of his theories if he had not believed and persuaded others that the insights were unique.

Even where questions of character or personal interaction are concerned Roazen is often unpersuasive. For all his sharpness he does not quite seem to understand Freud's sardonic humour, and I find his captious use of evidence, though amusing for a while, tiresome in the long run. He is certainly not kind to human foibles or failings; he tends to see inconsistencies as duplicity, evasions as lies, boasting as grandiosity, and so on. A prime technique of his is to bring about a confrontation between someone's published or public utterances and his private communications made in letters or conversations with friends. Examples of this are perhaps hardly needed, but here is a simple one. When discussing his selection

(or self-selection) as Freud's biographer in the preface to the first volume of the *Life*, Ernest Jones wrote: 'The reasons why I nevertheless yielded to the suggestion that I should undertake it were the considerations pressed on me that . . .', followed by over 20 lines giving his credentials. Roazen comments:

In print Jones sounds reluctant . . . But in at least one letter to a publisher (which Jones wanted kept private, especially from other analysts) he eagerly gave his qualifications as Freud's biographer.

But since Jones eagerly gave his qualifications in print *as well*, the only insincerity with which he can really be charged is his use of the mildly dissembling phrase about 'yielding to the suggestion'. I am not suggesting that all Roazen's evidential material concerns such trivia; but the ungenerosity is perhaps characteristic.

I use the word 'ungenerous', but might it be more accurate (more generous, even) to characterise it as naïve? For it certainly would be naïve to be surprised, or distressed, or elated, upon finding discrepancies between anyone's published declarations and his private confessions in letters to friends. (Since most of us have written letters that we regret, this is an area in which to wonder who shall scape whipping.) A conscientious historian may feel himself bound to draw on such material, but he owes it to himself to employ a certain sensitivity in evaluating it; as everyone knows, remarks wrung from their private contexts are often worse than meaningless — they are assigned a wrong meaning, and deceive or discredit the historian. We can all of course agree with Roazen that censorship of such letters by the family is not a proper solution.

More evidence of naïveté (if nothing worse) is to be found in Roazen's introduction, in which he discusses his 'interviewing strategy', and somewhat complacently insinuates that his interviews were experienced as therapeutic by his elderly and no doubt rather lonely subjects. Two of them, he feels bound to report, afterwards mentioned that they had been unable to sleep the night after he had seen them, though he adds that in both cases 'they seemed not to resent what I had stirred up in them'. (What they may have said in letters is anyone's guess!) Roazen seems to have had no qualms about playing off one person against another as a means of stimulating memory and loosening tongues. Here my qualms are not so much about the ethics of this 'strategy' as about the value of what was obtained in such a way. It looks as though in his quest for 'oral evidence' Roazen may have ended up all too often with tell-tales from the Vienna Woods.

Among this week's contributors:

ALAN TYSON is a Senior Research Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

STEPHEN KOSS's *Nonconformity in Modern British Politics* was published last year.

JAMES CAMERON has been a journalist since 1928; he was Granada Foreign Correspondent of the Decade, 1966. Among his publications are two volumes of autobiography, *Point of Departure* and *An Indian Summer*, which was published last year.

Stephen Koss

Master Builder

Spandau: The Secret Diaries by ALBERT SPEER *Collins* £6.50

Alone among the accused war criminals at Nuremberg, Albert Speer was avowedly repentant. 'We should never have trusted him,' Goering sputtered in outrage when Speer, standing in the dock, readily assumed 'collective responsibility' for Germany's transgressions against humanity. 'Twenty years. Well, that's fair enough,' Speer afterwards told the court psychologist, an American Jew. 'They couldn't have given me a lighter sentence, considering the facts,' he reasoned, 'and I can't complain.'

Over the next two decades Speer kept a secret diary. In contravention of prison regulations, he wrote it in minuscule script on scraps of toilet paper, tobacco wrappings, and calendar pages. Smuggled to safekeeping by a network of obliging guards, it constitutes a more revealing testament than the weighty volume of memoirs that preceded it into print. Dealing with the protracted 'epilogue' that followed his trial and conviction, the assembled material affords further reminiscences of a man who had been close to the centre of the mael-

strom and who thereafter was engaged in an intense conflict between conscience and memory.

Doubtless his predicament would have been more tolerable had he been confident of his own motives, which he subjected to relentless and painful reappraisal. 'Was my stand in court really an intellectual repudiation of the high-flown bathos of those years?' he asked himself. 'Was it not rather a different kind of blind self-sacrifice, one more piece of romantic mania for self-surrender, mindless youthful emotionalism?' In 1956, as Admiral Dönitz prepared to leave Spandau after serving a ten-year term, Speer bitterly rebuked him for lamenting the interruption of his naval career:

This war killed millions of people. More millions were murdered in the camps by those criminals. All of us here were part of the regime. But your ten years here perturb you more than the 50 million dead.

Speer was also admonishing himself.

Speer's publishers, all too eager to grant him the absolution which he did not solicit, ascribe his unhappy circumstances to a mere twist of fate:

Had it not been for the plane crash in February 1942 which killed his predecessor, Fritz Todt, he [Speer] would in all probability have remained Hitler's official architect and been ignored by the Nuremberg prosecutors.

We get the same sort of tortured logic from the wooden Dönitz, who averred his indifference to politics, and unreasonably re-

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proached Speer for having nominated him to Hitler as a possible chief of state. Likewise, even Hitler could tacitly disclaim responsibility: but for the first world war and 'the criminal November revolution' (instigated by Jews, of course) that followed in its wake, the Führer confided to Speer, he would have been left free to fulfil his destiny as 'Germany's foremost architect, as you are now'.

Once described as 'Hitler's unrequited love', Speer was a valued accessory to the Nazi order. He joined the party in 1931, but 'in all the years before I became a cabinet minister I never uttered so much as one political phrase'. Hitler, who knew better than to 'judge artists by their political views', appeared not to notice. That was nothing compared to what Speer failed to notice about Hitler, whom he came belatedly to recognise as 'a genius of dilettantism'.

What was Speer's personal contribution to 'the high-flown bathos' of the Third Reich? While he scoffed at any suggestion of an 'ideology of National Socialist architecture', he did not underestimate the political content of his assorted blueprints: 'The one thing necessary was superdimensionality. Hitler wanted to impress, and also to intimidate, the people by vast proportions.' As the designer of 'psychological

buttresses', Speer was already the accomplice of a regime that in turn kindled his creative spark. Which was the more unforgivable, he wondered in retrospect,

that I was Hitler's architect who not only built his palaces and halls of fame, but also provided the Party Rally decorations that gave him the back-drop for his acts of mass hypnosis; or that I was his minister of armaments, director of his war machinery and employer of an army of slaves?

On still another level, these journals provide an account, at once chilling and comic, of prison life, its gruelling monotony and petty malices. The relationships that evolved among the prisoners as well as between them and the multinational prison officials reflected the strains of time and the vicissitudes of international affairs. In his 'concentrated effort to survive', physically and mentally, Speer embarked on a marathon walking tour: transferring beans from one pocket to another as he circumvented the prison yard, he travelled – in his imagination – across Asia and the Bering Strait and down to Mexico, a total of nearly 32,000 kilometres. That was no more arduous a journey than the one he undertook in the cramped pages of his diary, where he ventured back and forth between the hell he had helped to create and the one he endured.

supreme example of producing the wrong article at the wrong time.

They shrank for years. What else could they do? Top People read *The Times*; they also wrote it.

A Man of The Times is a very hard book for a fellow-newspaperman to review; its scope is so considerable, its insight, or possibly hindsight, so penetrating; it is a disarmingly humble story from a respected and acknowledged Fleet Street Brahmin, and it is beautifully told. I myself was on the periphery of so many of these great crises of which Mr McDonald writes from inside – the UN and San Francisco in 1945, the birth of the cold war two years later, the ignominy of Suez and Hungary in 1956, the abject humiliation of Eisenhower and the West after the U-2 debacle and the Paris Summit in 1960. Iverach McDonald's understanding of these conspiracies and washouts is infinitely better-informed than mine; on the other hand it was we who carried the can for these confusions, hanging on the tailboards of army trucks in South-East Asia. Or somewhere.

One cannot start quoting from this book, or one would never stop. Who else than Mr McDonald can draw on his conversations with Khrushchev, Eden, Gomulka, Tito, Home, Macmillan, Kassim, the Shah of Persia and Uncle Tom Vanya and all, every one at the moment of apotheosis? Yet I feel a historical obligation to tell his story about the dreaded John Foster Dulles when he came to Paris to define his plan for the 'rolling back of Communism':

At the Quai d'Orsay the French alarm increased with every sentence as Dulles expounded his confident hope that the growth of Western military and industrial strength would have its massive and persuasive effect on countries such as Czechoslovakia, East Germany, and Poland; in the face of such power they would find it expedient and wise to forsake their communist ways. 'More than that,' said Dulles with profound conviction, 'I look to the day when, through the same process, we shall see a liberal democratic regime established in Russia itself.'

The Frenchmen's fears vanished in instant and delighted relief. 'Ah, now we understand!' they cried, '*C'est un projet!*' That is to say it was a splendid intellectual exercise, not for practical application.

C'est un projet. That is the story of our lives.

As a one-time fellow-toiler in Mr McDonald's newspaper vineyard I have learned a great deal from his book, not least about the changing nature of *The Times* newspaper under its odd variety of editors, from the absolutist me-too authority of Geoffrey Dawson through the gentle Barrington-Ward, who died on a cruise-ship off Tanganyika, up to the livelier days of Sir William Haley. I am surprised to hear from Mr McDonald that his foreign editor, Gerald Norman, claims to have originated the custom of ending all telegrams to correspondents overseas 'with the simple, inexpensive, reassuring word "Regards"'. Only *The Times* newspaper could be so pompous. We on the *News Chronicle*, as Tom Baistow will gladly confirm, had been doing that for years, and with many a variation; at moments of especial disaffection with our learned leaders

James Cameron

Top Copy

A Man of The Times by IVERACH McDONALD
Hamish Hamilton £5.50

Iverach McDonald belongs to the generation when being a newspaper foreign correspondent was what publishers used to call an Occupation for Gentlemen, as doubtless it still would be if the craft lived on. A diplomatic correspondent was even more gentlemanly, and with managing editors and associate editors you moved into the edges of aristocracy. Mr McDonald was all these things, and on *The Times* newspaper to boot. When he put it on the line people sat up and took notice, even unto Downing Street and the Politburo. I imagine El Vino's looked after itself.

I had of course long admired from the foothills of our trade Iverach McDonald's mastery of the peaks. However, only by reading this modest and wholly absorbing record of his professional life and times does one come to realise how much more one owed to him than one knew. For one thing, *The Times* of those days scorned by-lines, and for another a 'remarkable quantity of a *Times* diplomatic reporter's product seems to have been in the form of personal memoranda, to be buried in the newspaper's archives. Happily the librarians kept good tabs on it, and much of it surfaces here, as it should have done long ago.

For a long and important time Iverach McDonald was by way of being a one-man well-informed circle. There seem to have

been few places to which he has not been and few people of importance he has not met, but in most of our minds he is identified with his peculiar experience of the Soviet Union, which he knew for so long. He first went there in 1932 with an invited journalistic tour-group of a wildly eccentric character, including David Low, Major Yeats-Brown and Kingsley Martin, who thought it fitting to dress for the occasion in the only pair of Boy Scout shorts to be seen in all the Russias.

Over the next 40 years he returned repeatedly. Moreover, he took the trouble to learn the language and, as importantly, the people, in all their perverse and generous and gay and tragic moods. His tiny vignette of Moscow's bitter sorrow at the end of the war is deeply evocative, with a poignant meaning for today.

So indeed is his story of the Munich era, for he was in Prague throughout what he calls 'that ghastly summer and autumn'. The tale of that classic betrayal cannot be synthesised; it has to be read. For Iverach McDonald the agony was compounded by his own newspaper's grovelling pro-Chamberlain appeasement line, and his editor Geoffrey Dawson's incomparably awful leader of 7 September most piously proposing an immediate Czech surrender to Hitler. Mr McDonald was rightly appalled, but soldiered on. He has now atoned:

Men on *The Times* shrank for years afterwards at the thought of September 7, the

in London we would change the formula to 'Unregards' or even 'Disregards' or, in a real crisis, 'Anti-regards'. The top people should have caught on sooner.

I gained such pleasure from Iverach McDonald's book that it is with diffidence I make the formula criticisms: I find it difficult to understand his affection for Ernest Bevin, whom I found an arrogant boor; and I would question his account of the origins of the Korean War, which is a bit at odds with my own experience.

I never was a man of *The Times*, but I can understand what it meant to have been one.

Neal Ascherson

Taylorian

Crisis and Controversy: Essays in Honour of A. J. P. Taylor edited by ALAN SKED and CHRIS COOK Macmillan £10.00

Disused railway tracks wind across our landscape, overgrown but interesting to explore. British history is much like this landscape. Weedy embankments indicate where once ran the mental rails down which a hundred historians and a thousand students slid without effort to the same destination. The arch-Beeching of historiography, the man who more often and effectively than anyone has declared paths of interpretation unsafe and even tending towards Crewe when they seek Birmingham, is A. J. P. Taylor.

He was 70 on Thursday 25 March. This isn't the place to 'assess' him. But 'crisis and controversy' does not quite fit. Crises always were attractive to him, especially crises which appeared no longer to be controversial. A marmoreal façade might always turn out to be a late stucco addition. Still, A. J. P. Taylor has never been a mere imp. He is a great scholar, with a vaster knowledge of source material than any modern historian alive. His sharpness often cuts more deeply than is at first apparent. The obvious example is *The Origins of the Second World War* (1961). It was clear at once that Taylor had irreparably damaged – if not destroyed – interpretations which made Hitler the deliberate instigator of war. Soon, however, much more turned out to be at stake. In questioning the wholesale condemnation of 'appeasement', Taylor had broken through the main defensive work of Cold war ideology in his own time.

In one of these essays, Professor Donald Watt makes plain his regret that Taylor has increasingly concentrated upon British history. He associates this with the growing 'parochialism', as he sees it, of historical debate among younger historians. Of these nine essays, only two deal with a non-British subject. Alan Sked's chapter on 'Metternich and the Federal Myth', nonetheless, is worth several of the other contributions and in Taylorian manner uses its argument to demolish some contemporary political furniture as well. Exiled European historians after the last war tried to restore

Metternich's reputation – Kissinger among them – as a democratic statesman whose vision of a stable multinational federation was frustrated only by a stupid Emperor: 'victims of Europe's totalitarian upheavals, they . . . came to visualise the Austrian State Chancellor as a 19th-century John Foster Dulles stemming the tide of red revolution in Europe . . .' Sked shows in some detail that Metternich was not in the least interested in 'home rule' within the Empire, but was actually concerned to increase central power while devising schemes which gave the appearance of diversity and engaged harmlessly the energies of the local nobilities.

John Stevenson's contribution on British society in the Thirties is also admirable. Here again, a Taylorian point is being expanded, if not for the first time. We know now that the picture of the Thirties as a period of general social misery and decay cannot stand, and that the fearful condition of the depressed areas was an exception in a time of generally rising living standards. Stevenson summarises this evidence, and goes into an original discussion of the hunger marches: how well known is it that the Jarrow March was the smallest and least militant of its kind, even expelling one marcher because he was a Communist?

Three essays cover the decline of the Liberals. John Grigg revalues the Liberal administrations of 1906 and 1910, pruning back the hagiography about their radicalism and criticising the clumsy and tentative victory settlement with the Lords. Chris Cook, plunging into municipal election statistics, shows how rapidly and disastrously Liberalism was withering in its local town bases by 1914, and how slow and irregular was Labour's advance to replace them (the Tories, in fact, were making the real gains). Stephen Koss takes up the struggle between Asquith and Lloyd George: not their great duel in 1916, but their relatively forgotten wrestling in the years which followed 1918. It is a comical and depressing tale; the high-minded, vicious or blundering motifs of a measure which Liberal leaders still too often tread, the dim lethargy of Asquith who finally consented to swing the axe at Lloyd George in 1926, missed his target and fell over, never to get up again.

The last part of this collection is concerned with Labour and British society in the second world war – Taylor's 'people's war' – and here in 'Journey to the Centre', Paul Addison's essay on Labour in the Coalition, is one of the best things in the book, full of perceptions and signposts. The central theme is the genesis of Beveridge and the Coalition's adoption of reconstruction policies which allowed Labour's programme to be put into action: as Mr Addison says, the reward of a man who wins the pools after 40 vain years of coupon-filling. But this, too, is material in the history of 'Labourism', the emergence of Labour as a basically conservative party concerned with patriotic continuity and social homogeneity. Mr Addison records the 'permeation of Conservatism by the social and economic aspirations of Labour', and then adds, a heavy throwaway indeed: 'Perhaps Labour were permeated at the same time by the military and great-power attitudes of the Conservatives . . .'

A. J. P. Taylor

Tell it Again

A Man Called Intrepid: The Secret War 1939-1945 by WILLIAM STEVENSON Macmillan £4.95

During the second world war a Canadian industrialist called William Stevenson – code name Intrepid – ran British Security Coordination, which directed British intelligence activities in the United States and later cooperated with its American counterpart. The book under review contains this information, which is correct. Nearly everything else in the book is either exaggerated, distorted or already known. Great play is made with the BSC Papers. It is not explained what they are or where they are. No precise references to them are given. The few direct quotations are verbal recollections by Sir William Stevenson. The scraps of apparently sensational information derive from two books recently published in England on the Double Cross System and the ULTRA machine. The only book cited by name is *Casino Royale* by Ian Fleming.

Here are some of the stories 'authenticated' by BSC documents. Hitler visited Liverpool in 1912-13. Colonel Hossbach was 'an official German archivist' and recorded

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A & C Black

Hitler's notorious address of 5 November 1937 'apparently verbatim'. Churchill and Lindemann set up a secret intelligence service before the war in the guise of 'a shadow Ministry of Economic Warfare'. In May 1940 the Labour Party Executive agreed to join a National Government 'only if Churchill led it'. In the summer of 1940 the Royal Navy looked 'like a fleet of old bath tubs riddled with holes'. On 22 June 1941 Stalin 'slept in his summer house on the Black Sea'.

Many feats are attributed to BSC. It detected the assembly of German invasion barges, which apparently escaped the notice of RAF observation aircraft. It alone foresaw Hitler's invasion of Russia. It directed the operations of SOE (the historian of which is described as 'the Cambridge historian'). It gave warning of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. It inspired the landing at Dieppe, which was 'a triumphant success'. It revealed the German preparations for an atomic bomb. It organised the destruction of the heavy water plant in Norway. It brought Niels Bohr out of Denmark. I particularly like the ingenuity of a BSC agent who wished to get from England to Sweden. To do so,

he travelled to South Africa, flew to Cairo, sailed to Turkey, and took a train through Moscow to Leningrad, where he proceeded by ferry to Finland and thus slipped into Stockholm by the back door.

Why did he not take an aeroplane direct to Stockholm as everyone else did?

Of course many of the stories are true. Dahlerus continued his efforts for a negotiated peace after the outbreak of war. Churchill conducted a secret correspondence with Roosevelt. Hitler half-heartedly contemplated an invasion of England. Churchill prepared his radio address of 22 June 1941 before the German invasion of Russia began. The Americans were surprised at Pearl Harbor. There was a widespread resistance in Europe, though it was more concerned to provide information than to fight a guerrilla war. These stories remind me of the conversations I had with President Benes during the war. He would swear me to secrecy and then tell me a story that I had read in *The Times* two days before. The only difference is that the stories in this book are 10 to 20 years old.

I except two which are at any rate funny. In 1941 Roosevelt proposed to say in a 'Fireside Chat' that Americans in high places were aiding and abetting the work of Nazi agents. The draft came back from the State Department with the words 'in high places' ringed in red. The President asked who was responsible. He was told, 'State - they think the words dangerous.' The President said sharply, 'then let's change the sentence to read - "There are also American citizens, many of them in high places, especially in the State Department . . ."' The second adds to our information about Double Cross. The agent known as 'Tricycle' owed his name to 'his sexual athleticism. He had a liking for bedding two girls at one time'. Sir Charles Dilke should have been a secret agent. Perhaps he was.

This book should be put on the shelf next to Shirer's. They will prop each other up.

Anthony Howard

Camelot People

Conversations With Kennedy by BENJAMIN

C. BRADLEE *Quartet* £4.50

To Marietta from Paris by SUSAN MARY

ALSOP *Weidenfeld* £6.00

The Kennedy legend has not been prospering lately: nothing has really gone right for Camelot Towers since that day, in the summer of 1968, when Mrs Jacqueline Kennedy shattered Boston and shook the world by announcing her intention to marry the late Aristotle Onassis. Nowadays it is not essays like Gore Vidal's 'The Holy Family' or Malcolm Muggeridge's 'The Loved One' that read oddly; it is the vast, glutinous tomes written by the Schlesingers, the Sorensens and the Salingers in the wake of the President's assassination. Mr Ben Bradlee produced one such work himself in the autumn of 1963. It was called *That Special Grace* - and soon went into a number of reprintings. Although a far slimmer volume than most of the rival panegyrics, what it lacked in effort it more than made up for in effusiveness. Two quotations from it will probably suffice to give its flavour:

John Kennedy loved his children with a light that lit up his world. And John Kennedy loved his wife who served him so well. Their life together began as it ended - in a hospital - and through sickness and loneliness there grew up the special love that lights up the soul of the lover and the loved alike.

John Kennedy was a graceful man, physically graceful in his movements - walking, swimming or swinging a golf club - and he had that special grace of the intellect that is taste.

That last tribute is unlikely to be one that the other 'remaindered' fly-blown courtiers of Camelot will feel inclined to pay to Mr Bradlee now that, 13 years on, he has returned to his former sentimental stamping-ground with a second book on the same subject. There is nothing sentimental about *Conversations With Kennedy* - or at least about the impact it makes upon the reader. Instead of the gallant husband, the loving father, the graceful mind, we are provided with the picture of a hard-bitten, cynical political pro, whose principal interest in other people seems to have lain in discovering secrets about their sex lives.

There is some evidence that Mr Bradlee himself is still a victim of hero- (or power-) worship; but, if so, it has not only blinded his critical faculty but also smothered all sensitivity to ordinary human reactions. Take this passage in which Bradlee, playing his part as court jester to the President, is being instructed to put the 'frighteners' into some harmless Congressman:

Kennedy suggested that I call Torby McDonald without saying where I was . . . 'Lay it on old Torb good,' he urged with almost childish anticipation. 'Listen, Torb,' I began, 'I'm afraid I've got a problem and I'm afraid it's a problem that's going to involve you.'

McDonald: 'Yeah, well what about it?'

Bradlee: 'You know the Baker case is big news and Weiner is involved. What's your connection with Weiner?'

McDonald: 'Jesus, I've got no connection with Weiner. I just met him in the hotel where I was giving a speech and he sidled up to me and we talked, that's all.'

Kennedy (with hand over mouthpiece): 'Torb's hurting. Tuck it to him some more.'

Bradlee: 'Well, the FBI is telling us there were some girls involved . . .'

McDonald: 'What the hell do you mean girls?'

Bradlee: 'You know, girls, women.'

Kennedy was now slumped over his back on the sofa, he was laughing so hard . . . I never heard Kennedy laugh harder than he did that night.

All of which presumably is supposed to indicate a liberated, fun-loving President - a thousand days (if not miles) from the 'graceless and programmed' Richard Nixon, whom Kennedy apparently regarded as 'a cheap bastard'. Most people, however, having read Bradlee's book, are probably likely to feel that there was a great deal more in common between the two presidents than had hitherto been suspected. 'Don't get mad, get even' would not, after all, have made a bad motto for Watergate.

What Mr Bradlee's intention was in publishing this account of JFK largely in his off-duty hours I have no idea. But about its result there can hardly be any dispute. Whatever 'wisp of glory' (to borrow the language of *Camelot*) still remained lingering over the Kennedy years has now been blown away into thin air.

Mrs Susan Mary Alsop is also every inch a Camelot person - in fact it was to her then home that President Kennedy came as the guest-of-honour on the night of his inauguration in January 1961. But she is also rather more able to take friendship with the great in her stride than is Mr Bradlee: for one thing, she was quite clearly brought up to expect it. Her book consists of the letters she wrote for 15 years from Paris to her great friend Mrs Marietta Tree. The letters possess a certain Creevey, period charm - but their real value lies in revealing that snobbery is not exclusively a *vice Anglais*. I particularly treasure Mrs Alsop's comment after spending a few days in a house party with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth:

I do think these people are wonderfully good sports as until the war they lived in their own houses luxuriously and didn't have to open them to the public.

Not that she is always equally compassionate to her own compatriots:

I do think that most American visitors to Paris have a dreary time. It is no place for Mr Jones, president of some not-too-important business in the US, who has decided to come over for a look-see.

Ah well, at least it's the view from the grill-room - and, as such, makes a change from Mr Bradlee's nose-pressing view from the café. And Mrs Alsop (at least in her own terms) gets him right too. She calls him, with just the appropriate measure of condescension, 'a brilliant young man'; but, once he has had a brush with the Paris police, she sadly wonders - staring out securely from her own plate-glass windows - 'if he will be allowed back to Paris on his next trip'.

Joanna Kilmartin

Vulpicidal

English Fox Hunting: A History by
RAYMOND CARR *Weidenfeld* £6.50

In this entertaining, scholarly and, in its field, pioneering book, the Warden of St Antony's College, Oxford, almost persuades one that to understand English social history and especially the national character you must understand fox hunting. It could have been only written by someone who was both a serious historian and a serious fox hunter (surely a unique combination) and no two passions could dovetail more neatly. The result is an essay, as Raymond Carr himself calls it, on the interaction between the development of rural England and the growth of fox hunting, a symbiotic relationship which has existed over two and a half centuries and is still evolving in the face of increasingly inimical circumstances and, in some quarters, moral revulsion.

After a disarming preface ('neither fox hunters nor social historians will approve of all that I have written') and a brief but necessary description of what happens in a fox hunt, Mr Carr settles down to his narrative and almost at once, apropos a 16th-century French hunting treatise, makes a typical aside: 'no English fox hunter would presume to suggest that making a pass at an adolescent girl was a superior pleasure to being in the saddle after a fox.' This I suspect only half-ironic remark comes from Carr the fox hunter, and when he has the upper hand the text is pleasantly conversational; Carr the historian, however, has admirably disciplined his material.

He traces the growth, decline and various mutations of fox hunting by following the fortunes and preoccupations of that influential figure of the 18th and 19th centuries, the landed proprietor, and of the Edwardian magnates, 'idle rich' sportsmen and independent farmers of the 20th. It emerges that fox hunting developed simply because the great aristocrats and 'booby' Squires *had nothing else to do*. Had they deserted their estates through sheer boredom our landscape and social history would have been very different. By the end of the 17th century the staid ceremonial of deer-hunting in parks had been replaced (for lack of deer) by the previously despised fox, which proved to offer a much more thrilling chase; as a country pursuit it has survived fluctuations in agricultural prosperity, the coming of the railway (regarded as a death blow at the time) and even the motorway. Prestige, status and influence went with owning land; tenant farmers were dependent on the landowner and, to a considerable extent, vice versa; landowners got their pleasure, indeed their only stimulation, from fox hunting; ergo, the rural community supported fox hunting and, among more sophisticated people, it became a fashionable pursuit. That is a crude summary; the details are complex and fascinating.

For instance: good sport depended on the preservation of the quarry; the fox, generally regarded as vermin, became scarce; throughout England sporting land-lords succeeded in brain-washing (there is no other word) their tenants into accepting 'vulpicide' as a crime, to the point where one farmer would denounce another. I remember as a child the real loathing, in an otherwise tolerant society, reserved for people who shot or poisoned foxes. It is the same, very English, mixture of deference and self-interest (the tenant farmers were often hunting farmers) which leads working people to vote Tory. On the other hand, sporting and landed interests went together and imposed obligations on the landowner which, by and large, he discharged honourably and willingly. One obligation accepted on all sides was that he should provide a pack of fox hounds for the entertainment of the entire community; the sense if not the fact of that obligation still survives: you don't have to spend long with dedicated fox hunters to realise that they regard it *as a duty* to hunt.

Mr Carr, whom I take to be a 'convert' to fox hunting, has no evangelical purpose in this book; he discusses the anti-blood sports question with objectivity, but it is the powerful mystique of the sport which rightly interests him. Whole generations have learnt their manners and mores on the hunting field; it was a sort of metaphor for life. The chivalry, courage and manliness displayed in the field thus became inbred virtues. It was no accident that officers of yeomanry cavalry regiments were also members of the local hunt. (Even their horses were conscripted: incredible though it may seem, I remember a favourite family hunter being hidden in the billiard-room from the recruiting officer of the Leicestershire Yeomanry Remount Depot at Melton Mowbray – in 1939.) Similarly, the fox hunting tribe has always been guilty of snobbishness and insensitivity towards other cultures.

As a fox hunter who 'lapsed' just after the war – and like all lapsed believers I find that sights and sounds still evoke the familiar thrills – I am reminded by this book of the degree to which fox hunting culture still displays its 18th- and 19th-century roots just as its esoteric vocabulary is that developed by an exclusive society at least 150 years ago. The wonder is not so much that fox hunting has survived but that such a rich subculture should have been neglected, until now, by social historians.

Claire Tomalin

Them as Laughs

So Late into the Night: Byron's Letters and Journals Vol. V 1816-1817 edited by
LESLIE A. MARCHAND *Murray* £5.95

my dearest Sis. I remember a methodist preacher who on perceiving a profane grin on the faces of part of his congregation – exclaimed 'no hopes for them as laughs' and thus it is – with us – we laugh too much for hopes...

This is Byron to Augusta in December 1816, as he prepared to settle tolerably contentedly in Italy, away from the 'tight little Island' that had made him smart, though not for long: 'I won't be woeful again if I can help it.' As Peter Quennell said so well, Byron's nature wavered 'between levity and tragedy'. Volume IV of this indispensable edition left him and his wife about to separate; Volume V opens in January 1816 in a flurry of reconciliation attempts: 'dearest Bell . . . I love you – and shall do to the dregs of my memory and existence.' All in vain. His misery was compounded by money troubles and public censure and mockery. In April he and Augusta were cut by almost the entire company at Lady Jersey's ball (he wrote a grateful letter to one girl who did speak to him) and when he left London after signing the separation deed, the bailiffs were in Piccadilly Terrace within minutes.

His bitterness at losing his baby daughter is expressed in the third canto of *Childe Harold*, which should be read alongside the letters. But meanwhile he had already (inadvertently) sired another daughter, Allegra, upon Claire Clairmont, Godwin's curly-haired 18-year-old stepdaughter who pursued him under several pretexts and pseudonyms and invited him to fall in love with her stepfather's child, Mary Godwin – 'I have no passion; I had ten times rather be your male companion than your mistress.' The stories of 1816 are too well known to need retelling; the most interesting aspect of Byron's involvement is his reticence. He was very ready to boast about other conquests; the Shelley/Godwin/Clairmont ménage left him somewhat at a loss.

Byron set off for the Continent in his

A World of Inflation

Geoffrey Maynard and W van Ryckeghem

No book could be more topical and valuable than this description and analysis of inflation since the end of the Second World War. It is true that the authors do not make specific policy recommendations to deal with the serious inflation currently afflicting the industrial world: instead they analyse in general terms the nature of the economic policies required to counter short and long-run inflationary pressures. Professional economists will find here a close description and analysis of post-war inflation supported by an econometric examination of the evidence.

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BATSFORD

special coach with three manservants and a personal physician ('Pollydolly' – Polidori, more often sick and sulking than serviceable). Through the letters we hear of Byron's own good sea-stomach, of picking up souvenirs on the battlefield of Waterloo, of a German chambermaid and the ugly, red-necked goddesses of Rubens. At the Hotel d'Angleterre on the shores of Lake Geneva he signed himself in as 100 years of age. He was 28, his hair greying, teeth ominously wobbly. A summer of rainstorms was spent with Shelley and his girl companions. There was a near-capsize on the lake; Byron prepared to swim while Shelley simply folded his arms. Claire was used for copying poems; Mary was inspired to write *Frankenstein*. The letters speak only of scenery and Madame de Staël.

The parties separated: Byron describes the Alps and Lake Garda for his sister and, in his usual magpie way, acquires a single hair of Lucrezia Borgia from a lock in a Milan library – whether by fair means or foul he does not admit. Meanwhile he has composed verses for the Luddites and favourable remarks on *Christabel* to cheer up Coleridge, read *Glenarvon* and *Adolphe* and made the appropriate comments on ladies and gentlemen who turn their love affairs into fiction: "kiss and tell" bad as it is – is surely somewhat less than – – – – – and publish."

Shelley, Mary and Claire returned to England to face two suicides and the birth of Allegra in conditions of strict secrecy. Byron settled in Venice, the *besoin d'aimer* took him again and he found a draper's wife with the eyes of an antelope. Boasting reaches a crescendo as he tells Augusta and numerous other English correspondents of this new happiness; and of the number of times per 24 hours in which he and Marianna give 'each other pretty unequivocal proofs of mutual good contentment (from one to three and occasionally an extra or so)'. But the happiest relationship with Byron must have been that of correspondent: his tenderness, descriptive exuberance, cynicism and laughter could be freely offered and enjoyed without any measuring up. Constancy, 'that small change of Love, which people exact so rigidly, receive in such counterfeit coin, and repay in baser metal', could there be real tender. Alert to his own sensations and equally to the response of his reader, Byron sent out letters that are always tense and alive, never slumped and conventional.

Valentine Cunningham

Mixed Urbs

The Family Arsenal by PAUL THEROUX *Hamish Hamilton* £3.75

Fong and the Indians by PAUL THEROUX *Hamish Hamilton* £3.50

Brogan & Sons by DAVID BATCHELOR *Secker & Warburg* £3.50

While exile is undeniably a ticket to misery it does carry advantages. Not only does it give home a sharper perspective than the stick-theres possess but – bigger boon still – it frequently helps you focus the new place clearer than the locals. That's why so many good novels about London are written by foreigners – provincials like John Wain, Aussies like Colin McInnes. Irishmen like Beckett, Poles like Conrad and Americans like Henry James or – shall we say – Paul Theroux. And, as all these novelists prove, it's frequently the sleazier undersides of London life that the new-comer is drawn to, perhaps because, as Orwell suggested of Henry Miller in Paris, he lacks a steady milieu and family roots, and so is driven to haunt the fringes of settled respectability – bars and dives, crummy rented accommodation, areas like Deptford.

The thickly textured prose of Paul Theroux's *The Family Arsenal* marvellously gives us this seedy world of the transient – where the ageing accountant Gawber, who's stuck it out in Catford, is engulfed in tides of less-than-colourful coloured *immigrés*, and an American consul on the run is holing up in a Deptford pad with a nursery of Provo kiddies and their bomb-kits, and gun-runners, nickers of tellies, middle-class stealers of paintings for ransom, radical actresses and anarchist aristocrats are tumbled together in a richly criminal brew. And Paul Theroux, as the AV would say, minds the tradition. Each time Valentine Hood, the literate consul, regales his confidants with Verloc's aborted plot on the Greenwich Observatory they spot the analogy. 'Sounds like Ron' (her husband), thinks tarty Lorna Weech, wife of the lout that Hood bumped off in south-South London; 'Provo?' inquires Murf the bomber, Greenwich's Naval College 'exploding on his eyes' as he hears the tale. Theroux also knows that exiles like Verloc, and hoodlums, and for that matter novels, run to surrogates for families.

Ironically, as Verloc found, families are dangerous things. It's sticking up for a put-on roadsweeper and his little son that leads Hood to murder. The Deptford 'family' sits on an arsenal of guns, as well as a stolen painting and a stash of explosive devices: truly, Murf realises with the apocalyptic graffiti scrawled all over, 'Arsenal Rule'. And everyone – as Hood gradually learns and the plot, hugely enjoying its coincidences, manages it – turns out to be related to everyone else, including their enemies. All one big unhappy urban family. Even the ordinary inhabitant of the fated

urbs is netted into the catch of relationships, if only through the crossed telephone connections Gawber keeps getting. And the whole uneasy shebang, so resourcefully ravelled and unravelled, ends with a suitable doomy bang. The remnants of Hood's 'family' split to Brighton (there no doubt to rewrite Graham Greene).

Not, however, to rework *Fong and the Indians* (an earlier and much slighter novel by Paul Theroux, published in America in 1968 and now for the first time issued over here), even though its author is doubtless aware how much his talent has since progressed. But *Fong and the Indians* isn't only valuable as a nice reminder that a prose style and structuring capacities can improve in just the merest while; it does have its own mild attractions. Sam Fong is an old Chinese Catholic running a penurious 'Friend Frocery' (the shop sign is his wife's doing) in an African state recently liberated from the British of happy memory. Sam, swindled by his Indian landlord, used for propaganda by two thick-headed yank agents, jeered at for a running-dog by Maoist Chinks, is the doormat everybody does his niftiest footwork on. Unheavily-handedly, the novel satirises the idiocies of African politics, the lunacies of the foreign interferers, the mendacities of the commercially uppity Indians. Things do move a mite woodenly at times, but Paul Theroux can also organise some tellingly bizarre and funny, if in the end quite frightening, international misunderstandings. You laugh, as does the novel, to stop yourself crying: for even the last-minute arrival of Fong's dreamed-of gravy – well, *milk* – train seems little compensation for all he's been forced through.

David Batchelor's first novel *Brogan & Sons* hits the bull first shot with a vintage black comedy that also manages to resist getting stuck in one genre-rut. The Brogan of the title is a civil service knight who throws his family not just by suddenly dying but also (he's reneged on his faith) by asking to be dumped at sea by a boatman who's to recite 'Water, water everywhere' as he shoves him overboard. Bang go Lady B's plans for beginning the rescue job on his soul with a slap-up Catholic funeral – not to mention also her favourite pastor who slips to his own death, stabbing himself on his shattered unction-oil phial, while ministering hot-foot on her trail. There are lots of agreeable jokes based on Brogan's hobby of 'biblical gastronomy', on the whole business of death in the top-drawer (*Times* obits, Harrods funeral directors and all) and on the wife's and son's difficulties in keeping up proper appearances. Alongside all this, though, there's also a more earnest fiction about death going on, namely the unpacking of the mystery surrounding the older son's suicide. We're teased with glimpses of homosexual skeletons in both the dead son's and dead father's cupboards, but are left wondering how they're connected. The commerce between the two sides of the fiction is effected a shade uneasily, and the narrative can wilt quite indecisively, but on the whole the eschewing of overearnestness in the matter of death, or of what are put to us as still less nameable horrors, is made to feel not unapt or inept.

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Television

Christopher Price

Members Only

The Prime Ministerial election has left the television men strangely at sea; they are faced with the prospect of running an election campaign for two, perhaps three weeks, without any constituency they can seriously affect. Most of the MPs who will elect the next leader of the Labour Party are as immune from the beguiling influence of television as they are desperate to appear on it. So for the established political punditry of the medium – the Days and the Dimblebys – it is all at arm's length, and one can catch the irritated resentment at their emasculation; they know that all their interviews and posturing and balancing will make precious little difference to the outcome. They have lost that smug, general election, final punch line: 'in three weeks' time it's *you* who will decide' – along with its self-congratulatory subtext: 'on the basis (chuckle, chuckle) of the programmes which we create and manipulate.' Representative democracy has suddenly been stripped bare for the elitist institution it is and the viewers reduced to voyeurs, afforded glimpses of a battle raging far off; the forms of democracy – polls and profiles and alternative scenarios – are all there, but the substance is at one remove, handed over for safe keeping to the sacred college of socialist cardinals in their Vatican on the Thames.

Still, television is doing its best, and though the parliamentary voters were not watching, for the most part, and would not have taken much notice if they were, the viewers have been afforded some small insight into the early life of our 60-year-old Labour politicians; not much, mind you. That will have to await a real series when it's all over – a sort of older version of *Glittering Prizes*. The Effect of the Slump on the Early Adolescent Mind (even perhaps on Tony Benn, though he was only just being born) – the brief spell in the Communist Party and the Popular Front – the Good War – the Welcome from the Workers into Parliament – the Reconstruction, through Rationing and Austerity – the Great Schism of the Fifties – the Long Wait for Wilson to Go – and now . . . As tailor-made an eight-part serial as any programme controller could wish.

But enough of fantasy. As it was the viewers had to be content with well-worn snippings from recent documentaries with trite commentary over. Mr Foot with his dog on Hampstead Heath, Mr Callaghan with his cows in Sussex and Mr Jenkins with his tennis racket (last seen in *Yesterday's Men* five years ago – remember?) contorted into what struck me then as an orthopaedically dangerous serving posture. These profiles, rehearsed throughout last week on both channels, were, I suppose, a curtain raiser for the polls and the interviews to follow. But they weren't very exciting or, it seems, effective. By the end

of the week, a third of those interviewed in one poll could not put the right name to Mr Crosland's photograph.

They might have done better with his wife, Susan. *Today* had the bright idea of leavening the male chauvinist show with candidates' wives. Mrs Crosland did rather well, by being relaxed and matter-of-fact, and unprofessional. 'Would you mind repeating the question?' she would ask, wide-eyed and confident, and put poor Eamonn Andrews quite off his stride.

Then came the polls, each decked out to the point of meaninglessness by speculation about subsequent ballots. As early as Thursday last week Robert McKenzie on *Tonight* with 'our own exclusive poll' was putting Foot in the lead with Benn and Crosland nowhere. Peter Jay had fun on *Weekend World* with building bricks, showing how Foot, Callaghan or even Healey could win in the end. Then David Dimbleby revealed a Marplan poll on Monday on *Panorama* which sampled Labour voters all over the country and put Callaghan way ahead of the field as 'the man to beat Thatcher'. This is Mr Callaghan's most persuasive and compelling card – he represents reassurance, normality and the quiet life as much to the voters outside as he does to a sizeable block of Labour MPs. 'Steady as she goes', as Mr Callaghan himself concluded his budget speech in 1967. Unfortunately, however, we have so far been denied Mr Callaghan on our screens. Though he has had his headlines and his Rhodesian statesmanship, he has obviously taken to heart Henry IV's advice to Prince Hal: that being seldom seen is the stuff of statesmanship – and of political advancement also.

The others – apart from the unfortunate Mr Crosland – have now had their say to the people. First there was Mr Benn – getting in early in an attempt to resurrect the referendum atmosphere and identify the election in terms of measures rather than men. He went on *Tonight* and said, in clear terms, what he would do. He issued his manifesto and was praised a few days later by *The Times* for doing so. They didn't agree with him, but they thought he had done right to make plain the differences between himself and his fellow candidates. Beyond this, he was also clearly trying to widen the election beyond the college of cardinals, at least into the priesthood of the Labour movement. The broadcast may not have got him very many votes (though he did get mine) but I suspect one day it will be seen as the first step in a long process of changing the rules for the election of Labour prime ministers – and perhaps Conservative ones too. Like peerage disclaimers and referenda it will be just one more of those little marks that Mr Benn has already left on our constitutional framework.

I think it is a pity that Mr Benn is still too far ahead of his time – whatever that may mean – to be fully accepted into Labour's leadership. But he has 'put down his marker' with greater firmness of touch and certainty of purpose than any of his fellow candidates. *Panorama* on Monday caught a feeling of the demand for a wider electorate by accompanying two MPs to their constituencies over the weekend – Colin Phipps, who was voting for Denis Healey and Bob Cryer, who was for Michael Foot. Since they had already made up their minds, it was not very clear why they had come. Though their party members all prefaced their remarks by insisting that they had no desire to mandate their Member, it was clear from their faces that that was exactly what some of them wanted to do.

But *Panorama* did not pursue this fascinating theme – which I thought was a pity. They turned to the real point of the programme – the cross-examination of their three selected heavyweights – Michael Foot, Denis Healey and Roy Jenkins; and just so that neither would get too exhausted, David Dimbleby and Robin Day split up the job between them.

First on was Dimbleby v. Foot, and it is fair to say that Mr Foot was not exactly charismatic. Rather like a new boy at school with his new uniform on, he was curiously uncertain of himself. Unlike his two rivals, he still finds the grave statesmanlike persona a difficult one. What did he want? Oh, a socialist society, but immediately, he rushed on, he wanted to save the country. He then went into a long list – training measures, the NEB, planning agreements – which did not exactly add up to socialism. In the end, he was far more specific than his two successors – and clearly he would improve with time. But he obviously 'prefers a real audience to an electronic one.'

Next, Day v. Healey. Mr Healey talked about his virtues rather than his policies – his 'experience in the ranks', his 'roots in the North'. Was he too abrasive, was he subtle enough? 'I'm not just a pretty face,' riposted Mr Healey, holding an unwonted Cheshire Cat smile for a good two seconds. But his chief theme was work. He wanted to make hard work a virtue, not a penance, and he equated this aim with an improvement in what he called Britain's 'moral climate'. It came over as an uneasy mixture of Churchillian rhetoric and Crippsian austerity, larded with Yorkshire common sense. It might go down as a credible election strategy; I would have preferred to hear rather more about Mr Healey's policies.

But he wasn't saying, any more than Roy Jenkins was when he came in to face David Dimbleby. Mr Jenkins was as deft and articulate as Mr Healey. He wanted a more *tolerant* society, a *deepening* of the relationship with the unions. Policy had to be *moved along* all the time. And Mr Jenkins *personally* was going to do it. But to the only specific question 'Would he have Benn in his cabinet?' he stalled.

So there we are. Three capable television performers – Jenkins, Healey and Callaghan; and Michael Foot, who performs indifferently but tells us he wants left-wing policies and an unbreakable union alliance. If it were a television election Mr Foot would come bottom in the ballot as he almost did in

the opinion polls. But it isn't a television popularity poll; the Prime Minister is to be chosen by an electorate which was described this weekend – extremely accurately – as the

most sophisticated and dishonest one could find. That's a new one for the television pundits; I doubt if they'll get it right in the end.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Home and Colonial

Housewife, Superstar *Apollo*
Parcel Post *Royal Court*
The Chairman *Globe*
13, Rue de l'Amour *Phoenix*

'There are some critics in the audience tonight,' squawked Barrie Humphries, alias Dame Edna Everage, alias *Housewife, Superstar*. 'Stand up, boys, so we can look at you.' Did your intrepid correspondent obey? Did he hell. In front of me the *Spectator* was pretending to be very small and bunched, and beside me *Time Out* whistled under its breath and looked at the floor. We all played the coward, which was a pity, since it's time someone faced up to this hectoring Medusa. She spends too much time effortlessly embarrassing her audience: winking out people's names, informing one she has 'a beautiful bone structure', asking another about her bathroom fittings, ticking off this one for telling her fibs, dismissing that one as a senile dotard on day-release from an old folks home. References to Angela, Julia, Lenore, Fibber and Senior Citizen sprinkled her chat on the second night, amusing me at the time, but disconcerting me when I read the opening-night notices. It was clear that what I'd taken as quick-witted improvisation was simply a repetition of the same cracks, retorts and gush she'd manipulated her first audience into provoking from her. So she'll presumably go on, unless someone bolder than myself barracks her into reshaping her act. But the one person who threatened to do so on the second night was quickly repulsed and thereafter ignored: only those who succumb monosyllabically to her matronly bludgeon seem to end up on Christian name terms with her.

So Mr Humphries is more predictable than some of us had supposed. But he has still constructed a rich and consistent character and, unusually for a one-man show, a character it's impossible to admire and easy to detest. She's mawkish, nosey, callous, xenophobic, and almost anally obsessed with neatness, hygiene and her daughter-in-law's failure to remove the old hair from her lady's razor: everyone's prejudices about suburbia packed into one cawing, screeching crone. Whether she's archetypally Australian as well, average as well as Everage, I would not dare surmise myself; but Mr Humphries certainly seems to regard his country's pretensions to culture, civilisation, anything, as so much bad breath. Not content with Dame Edna, he gives us Les Patterson, a sort of human bladder bloated to the lips with Foster's

lager, Sandy Stone, a dithering old Freemason obsessed with Ovaltine, dentures and the wickedness of hippies – and then, God help us, Edna again. This is satiric overkill by a couple of megadeaths, and the evening should be shortened, both to preserve Mr Humphries's battered epiglottis and to save his English listeners from that most insidious of our national afflictions, the assumption of cultural superiority. Australia can't be *that* much worse than here.

Only Dame, or Aunt, Edna will nowadays regard tidiness of construction as a dramatic virtue in itself: which is fortunate for Yemi Ajibade's *Parcel Post*, a play that reaches us in such a rummaged and lopsided state that some may be tempted to refuse delivery altogether. This would be a pity, because Mr Ajibade has some enlightening things to tell us about people with their hearts in one country and their feet in another, in this case Nigerians in Islington. Two chattering women casually take off their jeans, slip on white robes and, almost before we've registered the change, are into their juju. A girl, pregnant by someone other than the man she's just married, piously apologises to the Christian god and then, in a voice a hundred years older, implores some less headmasterly deity to make everyone 'smile on me'. Unfortunately, when Mr Ajibade wants to illustrate the secular side of this cultural schism, he can manage nothing more inventive than an encounter with two sneering caricatures in blue helmets, who come to break up what seems, in Donald Howarth's production, a pretty tame party. It's a beguiling, exasperating evening, consistent only in the quality of the cast, which includes Taiwo Ajai, Rudolph Walker, and Mr Ajibade himself as the modest, timid young bridegroom who has received damaged goods in the human post from Lagos.

The majority of our fellow-citizens spend much of their waking, and some of their sleeping, lives in offices; and yet this world is almost totally neglected by our better playwrights, perhaps because they're lucky enough to work at home. Now Philip Mackie may not be a 'better playwright', at any rate where the live theatre is concerned, but he has been a senior executive with a TV company, and so there can't be much conspiracy, manipulation and power politics he doesn't know about. *Chairman* has the feel of authentic case-history – or (rather) case-histories, since the evening, though set in the same PR department of the same soulless conglomerate, consists of two distinct plays. One, involving

a business efficiency wizard, is little more than anecdote; but the second, which reveals how to demote or even destroy a man while winning his gratitude and increasing his loyalty, has a certain edge to it. It's Stephen Potter with the smile wiped off his face, an essay in lifemanship that will leave you looking over your shoulder to see what the man behind is doing with his penknife; and, if it wasn't so dependent for it just the thing for the cultivated paranoiac, an implausible love-affair, I would think it just the thing for the cultivated paranoiac.

Tony Britton plays the smoothest character, smoothly, and Peter Blythe the most angular, in so spectacularly breathless a style I quite feared for his safety. Imagine Freddie Ayer, Jonathan Miller and Woody Woodpecker scrambled into one jumping, gesticulating form, and you have his quality. It is, I may add, a quality far higher than anything so far glimpsed amid the stardust at the Phoenix. Celebrities may swell the box-office returns, but they aren't always, or even often, the most versatile, self-critical and hard-working of actors. Louis Jourdan proves scarcely less waxen in Feydeau's *Rue de l'Amour* than Rock Hudson was in the season's opening production; and I kept wishing that Glynis Johns, whose huskiness is supposed to be so charming, would clear her throat and give a performance. It is left to the supporting cast, notably Margaret Courtenay and James Grout, to put some panache into what ought to be a much funnier evening.

Opera

Bayan Northcott

Black and White

Maria Golovin, Porgy and Bess and The Duenna *Camden Festival*
King Roger *Coliseum*
Ulysses *Radio 3*

If London audiences are still indifferent to the startling variety of American music, it is certainly not the fault of this year's bicentenary-minded Camden Festival organisers. All the same it was a bit cruel to programme Gershwin's great, gaudy wreck of a 'folk opera', *Porgy and Bess*, in the same week as Gian-Carlo Menotti's immaculately 'well-made' three-acter, *Maria Golovin* – cruel to Menotti, that is. Not for nothing has he earned the dubious accolade 'great man of the theatre'. The plot and dialogue of his ninth opera, commissioned for the Brussels World Fair in 1958, is almost touchingly faithful to 'serious' Broadway of an earlier decade: war-blinded young man living at home with Mother falls in love with voice of lady lodger (his hobby is making bird-cages), only to be confounded by the return of her husband from a PoW camp. The music purrs tastefully along, rising to the clinches with just a dash of Puccini, and last week's British premiere at the Collegiate Theatre by Park Lane opera – suavely con-

ducted by Nicholas Braithwaite, most promisingly sung and acted by the young baritone, Richard Jackson, as the blind hero, and produced with an unfailing flair for conventional effect by the composer-librettist himself – could hardly have been more appropriate in its sterile perfection.

By these standards, *Porgy and Bess* must seem an unruly hybrid. Gershwin expressly set out to write a kind of American combination of *Carmen* and *Meistersinger* and, unfortunately for dramatic neatness, more or less succeeded. Probably no other score of the century has contributed quite such a range of set numbers, at once so direct and so subtly structured, to the general repertoire; if the vastly discursive recitatives and interludes which connect them were merely local colour and kitsch, the solution would be obvious. The trouble is that they also contain many of Gershwin's most innovative turns of orchestration and harmony – moments, indeed, that with the passing of time began to sound uncannily akin to Berg.

Even Chelsea Opera dodged the challenge of giving this relentlessly inventive score completely uncut in their two concert performances in the Camden Town Hall Assembly Rooms last week. But a mixed black and white cast at least seemed to have resolved the racial condescension some have found in it, for I have rarely heard the revival of a neglected work projected with such evident commitment and love by its entire performing body. Much of this radiated from the Porgy of the superb black bass, Willard White, who also stars in the forthcoming Decca recording which will be absolutely complete – at last! But that most promising of our youngest conductors, Simon Rattle, drew playing of tremendous warmth and bounce from the Chelsea Opera Orchestra and I shall not readily forget the nice ladies of the Chorus razzing their way through 'A woman is a sometime thing'. Perhaps someone will now risk mounting the work in this country once more, even if only in a cut-down version with spoken dialogue.

Actually Opera da Camera's revival of *The Duenna* at the Collegiate Theatre was a reminder of the considerable possibilities in the musical-play genre. Having a script-writer of the calibre of Sheridan is half the battle, of course. The original score of the 1775 production, reassembled and edited by Roger Fiske, is a pleasant, if not terribly memorable patchwork of Italian opera borrowings, folk song arrangements and original numbers by the Thomas Linleys, father and son. But the placing and pacing of the various songs is nearly always well calculated to punctuate or carry forward the comedy – especially when sung, acted and produced with such exhilarating team spirit as on this occasion. And listening to John Fryatt's exemplary diction as Mendoza, or to the prancing of horns and harpsichord under the direction of Lionel Friend, I could not help reflecting how much fresher and more pointed certain recent British operas might have emerged had they also been structured in this more modest form.

Last week's other productions could both be called 'Mediterranean Quest operas', though working in opposite directions. At

the very end of his pagan Odyssey, Dallapiccola's protagonist is granted a brief, prophetic vision of the one true God. King Roger, by contrast, is seduced from his Byzantine Christianity to the worship of Dionysus by a mysterious shepherd – Jarosław Iwaszkiewicz's libretto is effectively *The Bacchae* without tears. Szymanowski's score for this three-act transformation comprises an almost unbroken sweep of shimmering, voluptuous textures in the tradition of Debussy and Scriabin, surmounted by weaving, ecstatic vocal lines. The transferring of last year's New Opera Company's Sadler's Wells production to the Coliseum is an enhancement in every way, with a noble King Roger from Geoffrey Chard, a Queen Roxana of exquisite vocal purity from Felicity Lott and a wonderful luminosity from Charles Mackerras's players. What has kept this 50-year-old piece out of the

world repertoire can only be the final monotony of its unceasing musical luxuriousness.

Dallapiccola's characteristic oscillation between a relaxed delicacy and a rasping rhetoric – which worked so well in his one-acter, *Il Prigioniero* – also proves insufficient, alas, quite to sustain the prologue and two acts of his magnum opus *Ulisse*. Sunday's Italian Radio recording hardly helped matters with its boxy theatrical acoustic and its cuts in some of the work's most beautifully scored interludes, so that the overall effect was stiff and two-dimensional, like a classical frieze. Yet over and again one was aware of novel nuances in Dallapiccola's interpretation of his epic material and of delectable fragilities in his scoring that cried out for the lustrousness and repeatability of a really good recording. Perhaps, like *Porgy*, this is the way the work will ultimately survive as a whole.

Films

John Coleman

The Godmother

The Slipper and the Rose Empire
Mahogany Plaza 2

The Sellout Warner West End 2

Rachel's Man Odeon, Marble Arch

The Hindenberg Casino; ABCs Fulham
Road and Bayswater

By breathing more than a little new life into old Cinders, it could be that bouncy Bryan Forbes, director, has succeeded where he so signally failed under that dwarfing executive hat a few years back: mixmastered a romantic musical comedy with enough diverse elements to entertain any except a Charles Addams family for at least some of its two-and-a-half hours. Scripted by Forbes and the brothers Sherman (who also wrote the music and lyrics – their *Mary Poppins* signature may be recognised in a number entitled 'Protocoligorically Correct', as well as in the excruciating couplet: 'Benevolent or nefarious/Here is where they'll bury us'), *The Slipper and the Rose* has lovely Richard Chamberlain and lovelyish Gemma Craven, who can sing and dance truly, as the inevitable fairytale principals with their mandatory moonings, in soft-focus fields, only - have - eyes - for - you - across - a-crowded-room encounters, and last-minute marriage; but – between these commercial breaks – they give acceptable human performances, Chamberlain particularly finding a sardonic edge, and being well supported by Christopher Gable as a trusty commoner friend. It is agreeable to find a cast that can warble and hoof almost to a person and only sad that too few opportunities come their way: the 'Proto... whatsit' routine for assembled oldies; a gymnastic twosome for the Prince and Gable in the Royal Mausoleum; an utterly interpolated below-stairs-at-the-Palace choreographic fling, using a whole team of Royal Ballet stalwarts. Enough, though, of bemoaning the lost art of

'musical' musicals, even if sourness suggests the unwisdom of calling one among several amnesia-inducing refrains 'I Can't Forget the Melody'. Wanna bet?

The unforgettable comes, rather, in a lot of the script and all the staff. Michael Hordern, the wobbly, twitching King of Euphrania, has to get Chamberlain married off to protect his minute realm and, when the lad returns disgusted by the latest princess offered, mutters to his unctuous chamberlain (Kenneth More) before the next try: 'Make sure she's got teeth. He's got an obsession about teeth.' Edith Evans, the dozy Dowager Queen, swoops with that private bemused delight of hers on a few lines null on the page: 'There's *somebody* in the *rum*,' she gurgles, blearily eyeing a crowded court. Julian Orchard of the insistent grimace, someone's cousin, wonders if he has 'dropped the tiniest of social briquettes'. The great importation in a crew that includes Margaret Lockwood's Wicked-Lady Stepmother, Lally Bower's Queen, Peter Graves, Gerald Sim and André Morell is the enchantingly overworked Fairy Godmother of Annette Crosbie: this very pretty lady is not without her grouches as such as Hans Andersen and indeed faintly embarrassed at the world's image of her function, but magic is her business and the sudden, ravishing smile that keeps breaking through her pettish moments makes you believe it. For the finale, with the Prince about to wed the wrong 'un, she rallies like billyo ('Spectaculars take so much out of me'), but she's been there before – 'Same as Snow White,' she chides gently – and saves the show. She really does and I mean Miss Crosbie: for playing as inspired as this, a Merlin should be created.

Diana Ross is the chief reason for attending *Mahogany*, another rags or, better, rag-trade to riches story, the nonplussing attempt

to splice together an ambitious black girl's rise to Rome and fame (only to find it so many cinders) and the struggling political aspirations of her beautiful black boy friend (Billy Dee Williams) back in Chicago. Fringe benefits in this wallet-felt morality would embrace Anthony Perkins as the fashion photographer who starts Miss Ross on her hellish ascent ('Try saying "Shit!"', he advises potential models, cosying them up, as it were), turns out to be impotent and nasty ('My saints are a camera and a gun. They're both fiercely trivial') and has a strange encounter with Mr Williams at a Rome party; Princess Galitzine as herself; and Mr Williams's words to Miss Ross after a bad scene, 'Success is nothing without someone you love to share it with.' Yes, and love is a warm puppy. Nevertheless, I would go a long way to see Miss Ross acting up a storm or grinning like a goddess or merely being. It was only a 24 bus ride, as it happened, but it did seem rather far on the homeward journey.

Peter Collinson (*The Penthouse, Open Season*, to recall two of his lower flights) generally manages to insert the odd morsel of sexual ugliness into his films and his Israel-based *The Sellout* is no exception. For starters, it has Oliver Reed, between whose paunch and face at least one viewer finds it harder and harder to distinguish. Mr Reed, for the purposes of a CIA-Russian Intelligence hoocha, is a double-spy with an American accent that set me thinking of Tony Curtis with croup. He assaults Gayle Hunnicutt at one point during this impenetrable event: this may be why I am being so green and beastly about him. Mr Collinson also made *The Italian Job*, which crashingly used the automotive talents of the Remy Julienne troupe: they are once more on display and should have had the top billing. Otherwise, the observation of an Israeli security fellow may stand as epitaph: 'I don't want my country used like a garbage dump.'

Rachel's Man, to be honest, does no such thing. Directed by Moshe Mizrahi (*I Love You, Rosa*, more recently, *Daughters, Daughters*), this links with that weird, truncated TV *Moses* of a few weeks ago in what increasingly appears to be an endeavour on someone's part, however unconscious, to make the Bible a laughing-stock. Mickey Rooney plays Laban for all the humour latent in the role, Leonard Whiting is Jacob, Michal Bat-Adam Rachel and Rita Tushingham Leah. There is an excessively hairy Esau, whom Alan Bennett would surely love. Jacob has a deal of somewhat peevish begetting forced on him, but looks not a whit older; then nor does anyone else, except the babies during the 20 or so years covered by this peculiar hybrid. I am seriously interested to know what kind of audience had been envisaged.

The question does not arise with Robert Wise's *The Hindenburg*, which fills that doomed vehicle with cardboard silhouettes and then burns some of them, spectacularly. Many of the technical effects are excellent and I promise never to ride in a dirigible again. As the man said, people are funny things but one wonders if the home front will not soon be supplanting these expensive destruction movies in satisfying the human craving for disaster.

Weekend Competition

No 2405 Set by Henry Hetherington
Apropos Kingsley Amis's article a fortnight ago on 'Words and Meanings', competitors are invited to submit a piece of verse or prose on any relevant theme ('Speech and Class', 'Standards in Writing', etc.), in which all the loathed words, phrases and syntactical howlers are employed to pedant-goad-ing effect. About 120 words or 12 lines by 9 April.

Result of No 2402 Set by Tim Hopkins
Auden's 'Night Mail' sang of the GPO. Would any poet today be so affable?

Report by 'Knocker'
An unexpected number of entries made it through the sleet - though no doubt as many more languished in the bowels of the Holborn sorting office. £7 to Mr Hamill, £5 to his runners-up.

I'm the bloke that's trained to sit behind the public stamp machines
When you come to post a letter in the rain,
'Ow I laugh to 'ear the curses
As they fiddle in their purses
For a 10p. piece that won't pop out again.

It's me job to put the rolls of stamps behind the little slot
So you get one when you pokes your money through,
'Ow I giggle at the slangin'
And the nasty-tempered bangin'
If it don't come out when it's supposed to do.

If the stamp machines gets busy I put up me 'empty' signs
Then I makes the tea and 'as me little snack,
But the stream of filthy language
Doesn't put me off me sangwidge
'Cos I'm taught to smile and never answer back.

Now, the proper way to buy a stamp is from the counter clerk,
Who provides a queue where you can 'ang about,
If you don't know any better
Than to write yer flippin' letter
After five, then you deserve to go without.
GERRY HAMILL

Hail to thee, Post Office! Thy activities are multitudinous;
Though thou sometimes engenderest an exasperated mood in us,
It is still an unfailing source of wonder to me
That I can send a letter from here to John-o-Groat's for only 6½p.,
Or dial direct to any one a long way away.
Provided they are on the phone, that is to say.
Think of all the things thy counter dispenses,
Like stamps, postal orders, TV and dog licences,

And if one had to have a licence to keep a cat
I'm sure thou wouldst sell that.
The Old Age Pension
Is another thing thou handlest that I forgot to mention.
Then there is the wonderful Post Office Giro
By means of which one can pay all one's bills at the stroke of a Biro.
Although, alas, it cannot be said nowadays of all workers,
Post Office employees are certainly not shirkers,
Headed as they are by that nice moderate Mr Jackson
With the big moustache that unkind people are always making cracks on.

So, altogether, PO, I will thy praises sing;
Thou art emphatically A Good Thing!
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Under the spreading Upas trees
Where idling mail-vans park,
The postal workers take their ease
And dream from dawn till dark
Of how their mail delays displease
The scribes they love to nark.

The Sorting-Clerk can do his share,
And o'er the pile he gloats
As mail entrusted to his care
Off into limbo floats
To go from Crewe to Aberdare
By way of John-o-Groat's.

The postman, last, can mistranslate
The name of consignee,
Till of deliv'ry by due date
There is no guarantee;
So if this gets to Turnstile late,
Impute no fault to me.

ADAM KAHN

I am the Rylands spirit:
In me all virtue stays.
Mine is the code of spiralling costs
And of infinite delays.
Deliveries few and uncertain;
Collections cut to the bone.
Soon it'll (hopefully) cost you a quid
Each time you lift the phone.
No good to complain of foul service;
No point in distributing blame;
You can bloody well like it or lump it -
My salary stays the same.
We'll (hopefully) soon raise the prices
To levels that no one affords;
The Post Office Follies will finally close -
And I shall be ripe for the Lords.
MARTIN FAGG

The early stages of the A to D
Directory have proved a shock to me.
For instance, bedtime stories are now read
From 6 p.m. to 8 a.m. In bed
The child, the parent then proceeds *pro tem*
To tend his garden until 6 p.m.
Or take the warning not to ring three 9s
(‘Emergency’) unless it's urgent. One inclines,
Again, to feel there's hardly a pressing need
To state that Reid sounds just like Reed
and Reade.

Our nation stands revealed by the PO
As weak, green-fingered parents, nice but slow.
V. F. CORLEONE

Although I do not hope to phone again
Although I do not hope
Although I do not hope to phone

Hovering between the profit and the loss
In this foul service where the lines cross
The prohibitive charges between eight and one
(‘I'm sorry, sir, the fault has been reported’)
From the wrong numbers to the n.u. tone
The huge bills still blotting out the sun
Interrupted calls
And the crazed subscriber knows the choice is
Between disconnections and the unknown voices
(‘Is that you, Colin? This is Isobel’)
Between the dumb receiver and the silent bell
The lion's roar of the caller caged
And the cry of horror when the line's engaged

Suffer us not to swear at the operator
Teach us to hear and not to hear
Teach us to dial again
And let me, O Lord, get through.

SHEILA WINDSOR-RHODES



Assiac

Chess Board

No 1375 Complete With Hat and Gloves

'... one on and one a-dangle in my hand', to complete the quotation from C. S. Calverley's *The Cock and the Bull*. What has it got to do with Chess? It has to do with the completion (so far) of the literature on our new young world champion, *Complete games of Anatoly Karpov*, edited by Kevin O'Connell, David Levy and Jimmy Adams for Batsford at £7.50 HB & £4.95 PB. On 373 pages, including all biographical data and copious documentation the book includes all 569 games available, listing the few not available from this or that event, starting with the 9-year-old schoolboy's first 1961 efforts and including the 1975 Milan tournament, the total record, in-

cidentally, being 284 wins, 269 draws and a mere 33 losses. Editors & Publishers should be commended for a truly comprehensive work which, thanks to figurine algebraic notation should have a well deserved world-wide scope. From the 1969 World Youth Championship (18-year-old Tolya winning the title 3 points ahead) here he is, Black against Castro.

1) e4,e5; 2) f4,ef: Furman in his notes praises Anatoly's shrewdness in taking his opponent out of 'well trodden paths' and into a 'sharp tactical skirmish'; 3) Bc4,Ktf6; 4) Ktc3,Bb4 More usual ... c6; 5) e5 Leads him into trouble; better Ktge2, d5; 6) Bb5f,c6; 7) ef:cb; 8) fg:Rg8; 9) Qe2f,Be6; 10) Qb5:f,Ktc6; 11) Qb7: 'Realising that the strategic battle is lost he tries to grab what he can, Rc8; 12) Ktfg3,Rg7; 13) 0-0,Bh3; 14) Re1t,Kf8; 15) Re2,Bg4; 16) Rf2 Practically forced, Bc5; 17) d4,Ktd4; 18) Ktd4:Bd4; 19) Bf4:Bf2:1; 20) Kf2:Rg6; 21) Kg1,d4; 22) Rf1,Qd7; 23) Qb4f, Kg8; 24) Kte4,Qd5; 25) Qe7,Qe6; 26) Qb7,Be2; 27) Re1,Rc2; 28) Ktg5,Qf5; 0-1.

Another new Batsford (at £4.50) is *Contemporary Approach to the Middle Game* by A. Suetin edited (from the GDR edition) by Keene, Wade & O'Connell and usefully augmented on style, dynamics, harmony etc.

In the Routledge series of handbooks No IV *Basic Chess Openings* (£1.50 paperback)

has been dealt with by Raymond Edwards and is as didactically useful as the others.

Also at Routledge & Kegan Paul (a 75 c paperback) we have *Chessboard Delights*, a collection of 116 game positions from Comins Mansfield's D. & S. Telegraph columns.

Published by Davis-Poynter at £3.50 we get the enjoyable *The Quiet Game* by John Montgomerie (all royalties going to the 'Friends of Chess' funds). A pleasing collection of games, problems and studies.

The 4-pointer comes from the Mansfield collection. How did Black force the win in a few moves? Both studies from Montgomerie's book, both wins. For 6 ladder-points B is achieved in a few moves. Helpful hint: Novotny with echo variation. C (for 7) amounts to a mate in 10 by the solitary White Knight. Usual prizes, entries by April 5.

A: Tcherpkov-Sassanov: /3rr1k1/1p3ppp/p7/R2bKt1q1/1Q1PP3/8/1P3PPP/4R1K1/.

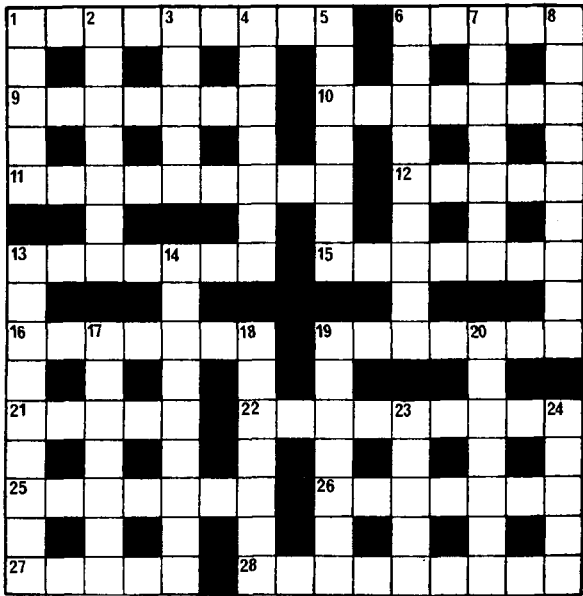
B: P. Biscay 1934: /k6K/P3p2p/P1P3P1/1p6/8/pK12r1Kt1/2b5/8/.

C: E. Pogosiatic 1964: /kt1R5/pkp5/1P6/P7/K3kt1Kt1/24/.

Competition report held over.

Weekend Crossword 1157

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1157, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 6 April.



ACROSS

1. Ammunition to transport to the range (9).
6. Where to forbid very loud music? (5).
9. Part of plant hired out for production of small tract (7).
10. Good and bad fellow or bullfighter (7).
11. If not it makes a headless woman clever (9).
12. Grant given when idle land is not started (5).
13. A fall, and there is the conspirator, half dead (7).
15. 'Our sage and serious poet —' (Milton) (7).
16. Formerly fat model? (7).
19. Thickens when wrongly led among animals (7).
21. A lot of questions make one cover up (5).
22. Somewhere in England which gives Ulster law reform (9).
25. Legal or wrongly and briskly executed? (7).

26. In saving money get rid of a sovereign (7).
27. Breaks when hit back (5).
28. Plant which destroys a weed in a short time (9).

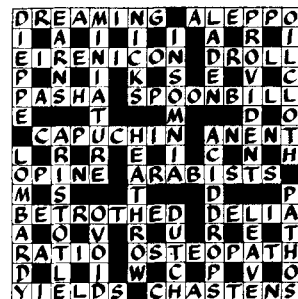
DOWN

1. Instrument which has to be shortened for a small group (5).
2. 'With thoughts beyond the — of our souls' (Hamlet) (7).
3. Sovereign measure (5).
4. Act a moment as an actor (7).
5. State train (7).
6. Bruce wrecked when about to punish a pirate (9).
7. Dons led astray although they have brains (7).
8. The introductions would be messed up if Ford swore (9).
13. Dealer of almost worthless card (9).
14. It is like father to tease us with delicacy (9).
17. A university man swallows a draught from the flask (7).
18. Bird with tormented soul behaving like a rival (7).

19. What a bore, to worry about what concerns women! (7).
20. Room inside the French window (7).
23. The magic thing about the East faded away (5).
24. Put up a drink fit for a king (5).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1155



Prizewinners to No 1155

Cassandra Gudgeon
(Canterbury)
J. Denslow (Helsinki)
Ms A. Baily
(Walton on Thames)

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Further details from the General Secretary, NATFHE, Hamilton House, Mableton Place, London WC1H 9BH (Tel: 01-387 6806). Closing date is 9 April 1976.

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The C.C.E.T.S.W. is a statutory but independent body responsible for the promotion and recognition of training courses for social workers and other social care personnel in educational institutions throughout the United Kingdom. The Council will shortly set up a Clearing House for applications to post-graduate and non-graduate social work courses leading to the Certificate of Qualification in Social Work. The Clearing House will be located in Rugby in offices adjoining those of the Council's regional staff team covering the Midlands.

Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Officer to be based in Rugby but responsible for the day to day work of the Clearing House to the Principal Registration Officer in London. The person appointed will have a key role in the establishment of the office and in helping to plan the procedures. Applicants should have a good general knowledge of the further and higher education system and of the personal social services. A relevant degree or diploma together with

administrative experience is desirable, and an interest in data collection and analysis would be an advantage. The Administrative Officer will be required to work in London in the initial stages.

The salary scale, which is reviewed annually, runs from £3,366 by 6 annual increments to £4,095. The starting point will be determined after taking into account the age, experience and qualifications of the person selected. A contributory superannuation scheme is available.

For further details and an application form write to the Principal Administrative Officer, Central Council for Education and Training in Social Work, Clifton House, Euston Road, London NW1 2RS. The closing date for receipt of completed applications is 20th April 1976.

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This Chair will become vacant on the retirement at the end of 1976 of Professor D. A. T. Gasking, but it is not planned that the new Professor should assume the duties of the Chair before 1 January 1978.

Research and teaching in the Department cover most of the usual topics, including Philosophy of Mind, Philosophy of Language (including Formal Semantics), Philosophy of Religion, Aesthetics, Logic (formal, philosophical, and inductive), Contemporary European Philosophers, Metaphysics, Ethics, Political Philosophy and the History of Philosophy (Greek, Medieval, and Modern).

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Further information, including research and teaching undertaken in the Department, staffing, enrolments, details of application procedure, superannuation, travel and removal expenses, housing assistance and conditions of appointment, is available from the Registrar of the University or from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Applications close on
25 June 1976.

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Applications are invited for the Chair of Philosophy which becomes vacant due to the retirement of Professor J. P. Corbett later this year. The person appointed will not only assume responsibility for the study of philosophy wherever relevant to the different Schools of the University but will also undertake leadership of the Schools of Studies in Human Purposes and Communication. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University of Bradford, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD7 1DP. Closing date for receipt of applications Friday 30 April 1976.

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March 7 p.m. 'Tibetans in Exile - the Future'
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MICHAEL SHERBOURNE: 'Jews in the
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London SW5. 373 8905.

AFRICA CENTRE, 38 King St, WC2. 836
1973. 'The Spanish Sahara: the Century
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March. Admission 40p; students 25p.

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p.m. 'Humanism, Positive or Negative?'.
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SPES. Tuesday Discussion on theme
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fore they get Better?'. South Place Ethical
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BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square,
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dhism'. Wed. 31 March. 6.30 p.m. - Pub-
lic Lecture 'The Buddhist Way' - Irmgard
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THEOSOPHY. Public Talk & Questions.
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